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# The Nation

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## The Nation

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# The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1911.

## The Week

President Taft was well within the truth in his reference to the fur seal treaty signed at Washington last Friday. That England, Russia, Japan, and the United States have at last composed the acute differences that have existed among them upon this subject for forty years is indeed cause for general satisfaction. It not only ends the disgraceful killing of the seals, but, as the President indicates, forecasts the adoption of useful game laws for the open ocean. An especially significant statement is that the treaty would not have been signed upon its own merits, great as these are, but that the diplomats in charge of it felt compelled to bow to the growing sentiment for international arbitration. Be this as it may, the agreement itself is an indication of the rapid advance in this regard in recent years. The treaty seems admirably adapted for the conservation of a fast-disappearing resource. The old common-law limitation of three miles from shore is abolished, and no fur seals are to be killed in the North Pacific Ocean, including the seas of Bering, Okhotsk, Kamtchatka, and Japan. Provision is made for the maintenance of a patrol of the seal waters by representatives of all the nations concerned. The agreement is to hold for fifteen years, and as long thereafter as no one of the Governments denounces it.

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The President's promise to urge Congress to establish a complete parcels post is another sign of the eagerness of both parties to placate the farmer. If only the dwellers in the cities and their suburbs were to be thought of, we could pull along as we do at present. The service of the larger city shops runs out through the whole suburban region, and there is always a swarm of local expresses radiating from populous centres. In the country all this is different. Whatever a farmer buys he must get home for himself. The rural telephone may have brought him within ordering distance of more than one town, but if he wants to get what he telephones for, he must hitch up a horse and wagon and go after it. Now, when he sees that the rural postman who brings him his daily paper drives up to his door with nothing in his wagon but a small mail bag, he would be a very unintelligent farmer if he did not reason that this same postman might just as well bring him his small parcels, too. When Mr. Meyer as Postmaster-General pointed out that such rural parcels post service would make the rural free delivery pay for itself, he provided an argument which the farmers are repeating in ever-growing chorus.

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The people of New York have been treated to an experience which it is safe to say has no parallel in the history of democratic or representative government. A city of vast population and enormous wealth, the chief city of a great democratic nation and the second city of the world, was to have its entire scheme of government rewritten, and nobody in authority had publicly stated what was the purpose of the move, who was responsible for the character of the work as a whole, or how its details were being managed. It was not pretended that there was any public demand which the new charter was designed to satisfy. The people of the city had hardly more part in the making of it than the people of Timbuctoo. It was concocted in secret by a committee at Albany, with the aid of a paid expert; and when these cooks had got the dish ready, it was to be passed upon by the Legislature as a matter of form, without the faintest possibility of real examination. If anything even remotely resembling this proceeding, taken as a whole, is to be found in the history of government, we should be glad to be informed of it. Fortunately, Gov. Dix has at last let it be known that he will not approve the new charter, concocted and crowded through in this way. There is much newspaper speculation about his possible motives, and we hear ingenious stories about his having been drawn into an intrigue of Murphy's against Mayor Gaynor, and what not. But why delve so deep for reasons which lie on the surface? The proposal which the Governor has headed off was outrageous, and there is no need to go further.

The Chicago *Tribune's* annual compilation of Fourth of July accident statistics shows the smallest number of deaths, with three exceptions, and the fewest accidents, without any exception, since the figures began to be gathered in 1899. The largest number of fatalities occurred in 1908, when there were 72. The next year they were ten less, last year they fell to 44, and this year they were 39. The accidents this year amounted to 1,358, which is more than a thousand under any year since 1901. About half of them, as usual, are credited to "fireworks," with "firearms" and "gunpowder" responsible for 200 each. The heyday of the unsafe and insane Fourth was the period from 1903 to 1909, when the accidents were regularly 50 per cent. higher than in previous years, with the exception of 1900, which rivals the later period. Upon each of these seven Fourths the fatalities were more than fifty, and the accidents, with the exception of 1908, were above three thousand. The fire loss this year amounted to about $350,000, as against nearly $600,000 last year and $725,000 two years ago. With these exceptions, however, it is the largest ever recorded, the figures having averaged only about $100,000 prior to 1907. The accident roll will not be complete until August, when the figures of deaths from lockjaw become available, but a basis for calculation is found in the fact that these reports have usually tripled the number reported in July. The thing that stands out in the entire calculation is that two sane Fourths—observed in but a part of the country—have reduced the number of deaths by nearly 40 per cent. and of accidents by above one-half.

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It is just a year ago that the town of Newark, Ohio, disgraced itself by lynching a young man for defending himself from assault while serving warrants upon notorious violators of the County Option law. The community has done much to atone for that day. Three of the leaders in the lynching are now in the Ohio penitentiary, two for twenty-year terms and one for fifteen. Two or three others, who were hardly more than boys, have been sentenced to terms in the Reformatory institution at Mansfield, and several cases are still pending.

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The sheriff of the county resigned his office rather than face a hearing before Gov. Harmon, and has dropped into complete obscurity, fortunate to have escaped indictment for criminal complicity. The Mayor of Newark was driven from office and went to California. From there, it is reported that he wrote a letter to the Governor asking to be appointed to some office, since he was out of work. Recently he returned to Newark and has announced his intention to run for Mayor again this autumn, but has met with nothing but indignation and ridicule. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court of Ohio has decided that some fifty places where liquor was illegally sold more or less secretly, about the time when the lynching occurred, are liable for the $1,000 saloon tax. This decision will make property owners a little more careful about what goes on in their buildings. But the final test of the thoroughness of Newark's reformation will come in November, when a new city administration is to be chosen.

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The primer is to become more powerful than ever if the Women's Trade Union League of Chicago has its way. Heretofore, those who have prepared this handy little volume have limited themselves to such assertions as: "This is a bear" and "The fox is a cunning animal." Now it is proposed that, for foreigners at least, these statements shall give place to the more vital declarations: "I am a member of a trade union," and "I am working in a union shop and receive $10 a week." The pictures, instead of representing animals, trees, and landscapes, will be of shops, stores, and factories, all filled with wage-earners displaying union buttons. This plan of teaching the young idea, not only how to shoot, but in what direction to aim, is so laudable that the only wonder is why it has not been conceived sooner and why it is not carried farther. No textbook for aliens should be regarded as complete without such useful expressions as: "For whom shall I vote?" "I voted for you." "What office do I get?" "I prefer one without an examination."

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To Joseph Conrad has been granted a pension of £100 out of the British civil list. If, as the usual custom is, the award has been made on the ground of need, the incident throws a curious light on the rewards of literary labor in England. Joseph Conrad's case is not analogous to that of William Butler Yeats, for instance, who is the recipient of a similar pension. Yeats is a poet and a pioneer in the upbuilding of an Irish literature and drama, and it is notorious that neither poetry nor pioneering pays. Conrad is a purveyor of the article that everybody cries for—fiction; his name occurs constantly in lists of England's half-dozen leading writers. As a stylist he has been placed very near the top, and not in the sense that Meredith and Henry James are stylists. Conrad is the master of a language which has distinction without being particularly recondite. He is constantly spoken of as a popular author. That he should stand in need of a government subsidy would be almost incredible if it were not for the striking difference between the pursuit of literature in this country and that in England. With us a man makes his mark and grows wealthy, or fails and stops writing books. A long list of publications is *prima facie* evidence of prosperity. In England it is nothing of the kind. It is comparatively easy there to get a publisher for books that do not sell, or sell very little.

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Although the compilation of the figures of the Canadian census is not yet complete, it is pretty certain that they will show a great gain in the French population. Out of a total of perhaps 8,000,000, the French are expected to number at least 2,000,000. Such growth from the 60,000 under the flag of France in Canada in 1760! And in this reckoning no account is taken of the French-Canadian emigration to the United States. It is estimated that in the whole of North America there must be fully 3,000,000 of French-Canadian descent. It is not surprising, then, to find Prof. Henri Lemay, in the *Revue Canadienne*, predicting that a century hence there will be at least 40,000,000 French Canadians in all of North America, and that Canada will be much more French than English. If this be put down as an exaggeration, there is at least enough truth in it to show why Canadian politicians think it wise to be very considerate of the French vote.

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Rumors of revolution in Cuba need not be taken very seriously; but unhappily the evidence is too strong to be disregarded that political conditions in the island auger badly for the future. A member of the Cuban Congress openly charges that President Gomez is personally corrupt, and declares that he can prove that the chief of state, from being without means at the beginning of his term, has dishonestly amassed a large fortune while in office. This might be thought mere partisan slander, were it not so generally believed in Cuba to be at least partly true. Gomez had stated that he should not seek reëlection; but latterly his friends began to talk of running him again. This led to such violent protests—some of them made to Gomez's face—that he found it wise to reaffirm his purpose to quit the Presidency. If reports may be believed, he will also quit Cuba, after the bad fashion of the South American "kings in exile," leaving the Cuban Republic to struggle on as best it may to recover from the bad effects of his tenure of power.

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An air of insincerity has pervaded the debates and manœuvres in the English Parliament concerning the Veto bill. In the Lords the Opposition have adopted certain amendments. But are they really intended to improve the measure? And if they were to be accepted by the Government, would the Conservatives then acquiesce in the main principle of the bill without more ado? Nobody seems to know. The Tory peers themselves display great uneasiness and uncertainty respecting the policy of their leaders. The latter do not strike out boldly for rejection of the bill, but temporize and play for position. On the other hand, the Government are equally hesitant. They say they will not for a moment agree to the amendments voted by the Lords, yet they display no enthusiasm at all for either of the two other courses which alone are possible—a new general election or the creation of 500 new peers. It is thus a kind of political unreality into which both parties have fallen. They are apparently being driven to extremes, though the weightiest men on either side do not wish to go there. The whole unhappy situation reminds us once more how great a misfortune it was that the conference committee of last year, composed of the leaders of the two parties, failed to come to an agreement.

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The latest dispatches, however, seem to indicate that a way out of the muddle may be found. It is stated that the Government would make no objection to an amendment offered by Lord Newton, providing that no further step be taken in curtailing the power of the Lords without a referendum to the people. The force of this lies in the fear, to which Professor Dicey and others have given voice, that if the Lords consent to have their veto overridden after two years, the next thing will be a bill to cut down their time of grace to a year or even six months. If the Liberals now acquiesce in the amendment making this impossible, it will leave their own measure intact, but will offer the Conservatives an excuse for retreating. The latter can say that they at least saved something, and that appears to be their main anxiety. To be sure, the *Saturday Review* sneers at this compromise, as being, in effect, an agreement to concede to your opponents all that they ask, provided that they ask no more at present; but while this is formally correct, it may be said that Lord Newton's amendment does, after all, mean a substantial compromise. In the present embarrassment of the Tories any compromise may seem good enough until after an election in which they hope to win power and set about repealing the whole bill, while reforming the House of Lords according to their own ideas.

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Scarcely had the outcry in Germany over the Catholic anti-Modernist oath begun to die away, when Protestant church authorities made a display of what appears to be a similar reactionary spirit. At the end of last month, a Prussian clergyman, Pastor Jatho, was declared by the ecclesiastical council of the province to have been guilty of heretical teaching, and was forbidden to exercise any clerical functions whatever. The precise nature of his heresy does not appear, but there has been a great protest from many within the Evangelical Church at what they call a violation of the spiritual liberty of the clergy. Herr Jatho has been in the ministry for thirty years, and bore an excellent repute. The Cologne *Zeitung* speaks of him as a man who spends his time from morning till night in doing good, and who had the affection of his parishioners in a remarkable degree. So great is the indignation at the sentence against him that a "Jatho Fund" is being raised, partly to provide for his needs, and partly to carry the matter further and see if he cannot be restored to his church. It should seem strange if German Protestants were to tolerate a *Modernisten-Eid* of their own; yet one remembers that Archbishop Whately once declared that there was really little difference in the spirit of intolerance whether found among Protestants or Catholics.

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Reports of monarchist activity in Portugal need to be heavily discounted. Royalist energy has hitherto manifested itself more conspicuously in the press bureau than in the field. The magnificent and precise sum of $410,000 that has been contributed by Brazilian monarchists toward the overthrow of the republic is probably as mythical as the army of invasion that is gathering in Spain for an attack on Oporto. There are, indeed, royalist refugees in Northern Spain, but the Government at Madrid has been energetic in repressing armed preparations against Portugal. Such danger as exists for the Lisbon Government consists in mutiny among the soldiers or sailors. But while some small disorders of the kind are possible, it is hard to imagine that either the army or the navy will turn against the Government they were chiefly instrumental in setting up. The outlook, therefore, is not ominous for the Provisional Government. One reassuring fact is found in the recognition of the Portuguese Republic by our own Government. This took place on June 19, the same day on which the newly elected Constituent Parliament assembled. Into the hands of this assembly the Provisional Government resigned its powers, and by it was requested to resume the functions of government until further orders.

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The situation in Albania, in spite of recent alarmist reports, is probably not so serious as it was a few weeks ago, when the tribesmen were engaged in hostilities. The Turkish Government is pretty sure to profit by the results of its disingenuous conduct toward the Albanians after the uprising of last year. In the armistice concluded last December, the mountaineers were promised a complete amnesty, the appointment of native magistrates, compensation for arms delivered and houses destroyed, and partial exemption from military duty. The Albanians lived up to the agreement by turning over their arms to the Turkish authorities, on whose part no attempt has been made to put the treaty into effect. Hence the present uprising and strained situation on the frontier of Montenegro, whose people have been extending succor to their kinsmen across the border. Now, against the representations of the Powers, King Nicholas has decided to mobilize. But the move may be interpreted as an attempt at influencing the course of negotiations between the rebels and the Turkish rulers. Russian influence looms up behind Montenegro, but, on the other hand, Germany has made it plain that her sympathy is with the Government at Constantinople.

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India finds herself facing a new menace, and from an unsuspected quarter. Ten years ago there was only one point at which the Chinese Empire really touched India. All the rest was separated from China by a hundred tribes which formed the "buffer" that the English authorities encouraged. But now Tibet, from being a mere Chinese possession, has become a vice-royalty, and Chinese troops have been posted all along the southern side of the former "buffer" states. In the indignant words of the Calcutta *Englishman:* "The Chinese, in short, have grabbed country that was certainly not theirs, and which we have neglected to occupy and administer simply for the reason that we preferred that a stretch of uncivilized states should lie between us and the problems that contact with China would certainly raise." Pity that Peking did not know of this self-denying policy on the part of its powerful neighbor! But its only answer now has been to promote the leader on the border from Frontier Commissioner to Viceroy of Sechuan, "where," laments the *Englishman,* "he will be able to do more mischief from the British point of view." Most disheartening of all has been the attitude of the Chinese of Rangoon and Lower Burma, whom the English had considered to be loyal British citizens, but who have surprised their superiors by showing that they regard themselves as Chinese citizens "and full of burning zeal for the Celestial Empire."

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### *AMERICA AND INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

The position taken by the United States in regard to several points in international law has been much discussed of late in England. On Monday of last week, for example, when the House of Commons voted approval of the Declaration of London, the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, dwelt at length upon the significance of the American attitude respecting that international agreement. Dealing as it does with the right of capture at sea in time of war, it makes a decided approach to the doctrine which the United States has upheld for more than sixty years—namely, that private property should not be made a prize at sea any more than on land. The argument of Sir Edward Grey was that the deep interest which the United States had taken in the establishment of an international prize-court, and our support of the Declaration of London as a means to that end, showed that this country could not believe that its seaborne commerce would be interfered with in case of war. This as against those bitter English critics of the Declaration who took the opposite view. It is gratifying to have such a recognition of the humane and effective part played by the United States in modifying the old and harsner rule, and in bringing other nations to accept in good measure the doctrine which we so long maintained, virtually alone.

The case is different, however, when we turn to another question having to do with international law, on which, too, the United States occupies an isolated position. We mean the doctrine of "the most favored nation." This has been under sharp discussion recently, not only in England, where the pendency of the Canadian agreement gives it special point, but also in France and Germany. The matter was brought up in the House of Lords, where Lord Selborne asked if the Government were prepared to admit the American interpretation of most-favored-nation clauses in treaties. The official spokesman for the Ministry declared that Great Britain had never assented to the view of the United States on that point. Vigorous letters to the press by Harold Cox and Thomas Gibson Bowles have drawn attention to the singularity and difficulty of the American contention. Not long since the *Frankfurter Zeitung* devoted an article to the same subject. In the course of it the attempt was made to show that Secretary Knox, at the time of the negotiations with Germany last year relating to duties under the Payne tariff, had tacitly abandoned the American position. On February 5, 1910, Dr. Delbrück, speaking for the Government in the Reichstag, declared that the State Department at Washington had "explicitly declared" that it was prepared to grant Germany the "most-favored-nation treatment." But this must have referred only to the case in hand—that is, the question of tariff rates. The Frankfort newspaper is surely not justified in inferring that the United States will, by parity of reasoning, concede at once to German imports what it is making ready, by special agreement, to concede to Canadian.

We speak of the "historic" position of the United States on this point as if that were enough to justify it completely. But views may be very ancient and at the same time very perverse and embarrassing. It may, indeed, be said that no hardship is imposed by us upon other nations, since they all understand perfectly what our diplomatic contentions and our judicial decisions have been. They know that our view of the business is strictly that of *quid pro quo;* special favor for special favor, with no outsider entitled to ask something unless he has given something. But such considerations do not go to the root of the matter. It is easy to say that American Secretaries of State, from John Quincy Adams down, have consistently held to the American interpretation of most-favored-nation treaties, and that our courts have sustained it. The real question is whether we ought ever to have taken that position, and whether we ought not to begin to think of abandoning it, and adjusting ourselves to the opinion of all the world except the United States.

When no great moral or political principle is involved, the nation that finds itself differing, in a mere matter of international comity and understanding of treaties, from all others, should ask whether it is not probably wrong. This is especially the case when we are in the presence of a powerful movement to unify international practice. The United States is helping on that movement in many ways, but in the matter referred to stands entirely aloof. The result is a considerable amount of awkwardness in international relations, together with apparent shifts to which we are driven in defiance of the seemingly plain language of treaties. Thus the terms of our treaty with England appear to be entirely explicit:

> No higher or other duties shall be imposed on the importation into the United States of any articles the growth produce or manufacture of His Britannic Majesty's territories in Europe than are or shall be payable on the like articles being the growth produce or manufacture of any other foreign country.

But we instantly contend, by reasoning which other nations may justly call far too ingenious, that this promise has nothing to do with special agreements which we may find it commercially convenient to devise. We know that England does not so interpret her obligation under that same treaty. Nor does any other country so read its duty under similar compacts. The United States calmly says, "Oh, you know, I never did take that view of it." But this, we submit, is scarcely a sufficient defence. No nation can compel us to change our position—though it would be interesting to know what the Hague Tribunal would say of the American doctrine, if it were to be submitted to that body—but we ought to ask ourselves whether it would not be more friendly and reasonable to make ready to give up in due time our private and isolated view and conform to that held by all international jurists except our own.

### *POETRY AND COMMON SENSE.*

A recent volume of translations from French verse written by Belgians is of more than ordinary interest. Like the people among whom it came into being, this poetry has a composite look, reflecting literary tendencies and methods of several countries and presenting little that can be called exclusively its own. Now it seems under the spell of France, now of Germany, and again of Holland or Norway. Of alliance with English poetry, on the other hand, there is scarcely a vestige. If ever a type of poetry may be thought of as Continental, as opposed to English, the present collection is an excellent example of such. It does in any case fix the attention upon a certain few traits which one is likely to find in the poetry of almost any Continental country and which have never taken root in the poetry of Eng-

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land and America. It would be interesting if one could explain their relative absence from English poetry by a distinctive Anglo-Saxon characteristic—an imperative common sense.

Verhaeren, one of the contributors to the collection, has been presumptuously called the greatest of French poets. The point of present interest is that his reputation has been made by a realism of a very un-English sort. Even in its drama and fiction England has lagged behind other countries in this respect, but especially in its poetry. It has never relished unblinking accuracy in setting forth the relations of the sexes. Frank utterances in "Don Juan" seem to English critics blotches of bad taste and bad art. To turn to America, Walt Whitman's similar experiments found favor chiefly on the Continent. The usual explanation is that such restraint is prompted by a finer morality. Probably it would be truer to say that it comes from the poet's common sense, a fellow-feeling with his readers. Continental poets to a much greater extent than English have been tempted to follow out an idea or situation to the logical end. For Verhaeren, as for many German and Dutch predecessors, poetry should have greater privilege than even painting or sculpture. With remarkable precision and detail he catches the rough unrestrained scenes of inn life which the pictures especially of Teniers and Jan Steen so often celebrated. Like them, he glories in the vitality and capacity for enjoyment in his subjects; and with the added suggestiveness of language, he runs into outspoken erotic subtleties. Of Verhaeren it has been remarked that he, along with many other Continentals, dares write what by himself he would scarcely think. The English and American way is the reverse.

Another difference is brought out by the following translation of Maeterlinck's "Lassitude":

These kisses know no longer where to rest,
For blind and cold the eyes were they caressed;
Henceforth asleep in splendid reverie they
Watch dreamily, as in the grass dogs may,
The gray horizon-herded sheep-folk graze
Upon the turf the moon's dishevelled rays,
Kissed by the sun, dark as their life is dark;
Indifferent, without an envious spark
For pleasure's roses under them unclosing;
And this long, green, ununderstood reposing.

Not that English poetry has ever been opposed to personification. Again the difference is one of degree. Qualities and impersonal things have from early times enjoyed an instant's life and personality in English poets, but only sporadically and generally under foreign influence does one find their human existence prolonged. Dante and Petrarch, with a child-like, unbarriered fancy, could send their sighs with elaborate instructions to wait upon a mistress. And Heine lived in a world fully peopled by love's paraphernalia. To Englishmen and Americans the carrying of the device to the extreme appears sentimental; for them a lake in the moonlight may, for the nonce, wear a woman's smile; but the moment that it is addressed as a woman, the conceit tumbles into bathos. The Anglo-Saxon masses are too literal not to draw back from personification prolonged; so are their poets.

Symbolism is the third device in respect to which English and Continental practice differs. André Fontainas is the most notable advocate of it in Belgium. Like Mallarmé and others of the school in France, he is constantly awake to double meanings. A fleck of color on the horizon, a cloud in the sky, a stray cow, each is big with a second self. If for the reader, under the spell of poetry, they took on the same meanings, there could be no quarrel. But in many cases the symbolism becomes flighty, incoherent, unintelligible, and reflects but that haphazard outer fringe of consciousness which sensitive persons possess but cannot communicate. The excess to which Fontainas carries the device results from his preoccupation with it, while the reader is forgot. Accepting symbolism as desirable, his instinct is to follow it out to the bitter end. It expresses his most transitory feelings; why should he tone it down to the pitch of ordinary mortals? English poetry has only in the rarest instances been so afflicted. Some of Shelley's works may be open to the charge, notably the "Epipsychidion," a poem or two of Rossetti's, and an equal amount of Poe—who in this sort of verse, significantly enough, first got recognition on the Continent; but it would be hard to multiply the examples.

Common sense implies a somewhat literal outlook which might seem to pair ill with poetry. The answer is not only the vast body of superb English poetry, but the fact that even theoretically they ought to thrive together. The great range of suggestive power lying in the very nature of poetry needs a watchful control of its elements and a nice balance among them. Imagination is not at its best when it entirely releases its hold on tangible facts. One secret of Milton's strength, as of Tennyson's, is that in neither did poetic conceits often become heady; each transforms the universe, but what results is still recognizable by the layman.

## *SUCCESS AND LUCK.*

A Paris newspaper has been asking eminent Frenchmen to state what they think the influence of chance is upon success in life. Many of them have amiably responded, the topic being obviously one of those admirable midsummer themes on which one man's opinion is as good as another's, and which can be discussed till cooler weather comes without arriving at a sure basis of judgment. The replies, indeed, vary according to the taste and temperament of the several authorities invoked. Some of them rate luck very high; others put it wholly out of the reckoning. The composer Massenet gave a cynical turn to the discussion by avowing that, for his part, he believed absolutely that good fortune was the determining element in the success—of others.

Only one of these intellectual Frenchmen appeared to have a definite theory concerning the place to be assigned to chance in the case of marked individual achievement. This was Professor Richet of the Academy of Medicine, and he, doctor-like, was prepared to reduce the whole matter to a formula. Success, he declares, is due to the combination of intelligence, energy, and luck. The proportions in which they should be mingled are: 60 per cent. of intelligence, 10 of hard work, and 30 of chance. Yet Professor Richet evidently takes these figures to multiply with, instead of merely adding them, since he declares that if any one factor is missing the result will be nil. That is to say, 40 per cent. of intelligence with, suppose, 5 of luck but no industry at all will not yield even a half-way success. All this is very like solemn fooling, as Professor Richet himself is at least partly aware, since he quietly remarks that whether you have intelligence or not is itself largely a matter of chance. "There is no worse stroke of bad luck than to be born a fool."

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In the other opinions printed we discover the same uncertainty and fluctuation that one would find in the views of any dozen men who might be interrogated anywhere. At one moment, opportunity seems the only thing; at the next, the dynamic force of the individual apparently accounts for everything. This whole region of inquiry is evidently better fitted for the moralist or the rhetorician than the scientist. The question wraps up in itself too many indeterminates and variables. It is like trying to make two of Emerson's essays fit into each other. He writes of "Power," and we seem to see the naked energy of the individual carving the world as he wills. He turns to treat of "Fate," and man appears to be merely an atom of dust, the sport of cosmic forces. There is truth in either extreme, and either may be rhetorically emphasized to make the impression sought at the moment; but how to hold the two in accurate balance, how in any given instance to say just what is the part played by luck and what by skilled effort, is so far beyond the wit of philosophers that we may safely conclude it to be also beyond the power of newspaper interviews.

If the test were made one of individual consciousness, we think that some of the most successful men would be willing to admit—to themselves, at least—that they have owed very much to good fortune. However comfortable a conceit they may have of their own powers, or however they may plume themselves on their intellect and energy, they cannot fail to see many points in their career, as they look back upon it, where everything seemed to turn upon a cast of the dice. If the particular opportunity which they seized had not presented itself, or the opening of which they took advantage had been denied, they may indeed flatter themselves that they would surely have found some other vent for their talents, but it would be impossible for them to say just what. In the very act of saying, as they must in honesty, that they had their chance and took it, they concede the influence in their lives of the unforeseeable and incalculable. But those words are only polysyllables for luck.

M. Jules Lemaître affects to believe that there is no such thing in life as chance. It is all a figment of the imagination. "What we call luck," he says, "is the belief in some equalizing power; an idea born of the innate instinct of justice in man." What he appears to mean is that the common mind is averse to admitting that one man, no matter how shining a success he may have won, can be inherently so superior to his fellow. So we say that one has luck and the other had not. That is supposed to be comforting to the latter. Certainly in political life we often see that idea intrude. We heard a great deal of "Roosevelt luck"; we are beginning to hear much of "Wilson luck." It is in this way that some would seek, as M. Lemaître says, to "equalize" their unrecognized abilities with those of men conspicuously successful. But this is really to go over to the position of the pious lady who said to her old pastor, apropos of a man who had suddenly leaped into large fame, based upon useful public activities: "And to think what humble instruments the Lord chooses to accomplish so great a work!" To her replied the sagacious clergyman: "Far be it from me to put any limits to the power of the Lord, but Mr. —— is a very remarkable man!"

## PATRIOTIC SONGS OF INDIA.

BARODA, India, May 20.

When the white man first came to India he found the people of this country extremely deficient in one particular—they had no patriotism. Indeed, the babel of vernaculars lacked a simple, single word to express this sentiment, bungling phrases being required to voice the emotion. One result of contact with the Occident has been the development of this feeling in Indians. The dialects now possess specially coined terms, while the word "patriotism" is on the lips of every English-educated person in the Peninsula. Fifty years ago bards sprang up who sang sonorously of patriotism, though after a while their songs fell into disuse. In the last few years, however, the people have turned to these singers again, for their souls have been touched by unrest.

Of all the patriotic ballads which the new spirit has revived, the most popular is Bankim Chander Chatterjee's "Bandé Mataram" ("Hail Mother"). It first saw the light of day in a book written in Bengali, "Ananda Math" by name, which was published more than a generation ago. At that time the Bengalis were not ready for it, and for years it lay unappreciated and unsung. But in 1905, when Lord Curzon carried through the unpopular measure of partitioning Bengal, "Hail Mother" was at once taken up as the national war-cry. The Bengalis went crazy over it, and the title of the song became a popular phrase of salutation. It still holds its empire over the hearts of the Bengalis, and, to a limited extent, over those of other Indians. During 1906 and 1907, when the agitation against the dismemberment of Bengal was most bitter, when the Hindu terrorist was just appearing, and when no one knew just how far nihilism had burrowed its way into Indian society, this lay caused some anxiety to the rulers. But, as is apparent from the following free translation, there is nothing inflammatory in the words, which are sung to plaintive, minor music:

I bow to thee, Mother,
Thou who art rich in streams, fruit, and cool southern breezes,
Whose fields are green with harvests,
Whose nights are a-glitter with the sheen of silvery moonlight,
Who art decorated with blossoming trees,
Whose smile is radiant,
Whose voice is musical and whose words are like sparkling jewels,
Who fulfillest desires.
Thou who dost strike terror with thy babel of millions of voices,
And with the sharp swords of thy countless arms,
Who dares to call thee helpless?
Thou who dost wield the strength of a multitude and repel hosts of enemies,
Thou who art the saviour of thy people,
To thee I bow.
Thou art wisdom, thou art religion,
Thou art the heart, the very core of our heart,
Thou art the life-breath of our bodies,
Thou art the strength of our arms,
Thou art the piety of our hearts.
In temple after temple we set up thine image.
Thou art the Goddess *Durga*, holding the ten weapons in thy hands;
Thou art *Lakshmi* (the Goddess of Fortune), residing in lotus lakes;
Thou art *Sarasvati* (the Goddess of Learning);
To thee I bow.
I bow to thee, *Lakshmi*, the pure, the handsome, the smiling, the sincere, the bejewelled, the Mother.

Just as it comes natural to the German to call his country the *Vaterland*, so it is natural for the Hindu to regard his native peninsula as the Motherland. Indeed, he virtually looks upon it as his mother. The subtle meaning of this is lost upon foreigners who do not comprehend the feeling that an Indian cherishes for the woman who gave him birth. The mother is the most idolized person in the land. Therefore when the Hindu typifies his country as such, he literally means that he gives his country the highest affection of which he is capable. Of all the patriotic songs which aim to express this sentiment, probably the most beautiful is one composed by Rabindranath Tagore, who is perhaps the greatest living Bengali poet to-day. The English rendering necessarily takes away some of its charm, yet

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leaves enough to show the writer's potent imagination:

Thou who dost charm the heart of all the world,
Thou land gleaming with the golden glory of the sun,
Thou mother of our fathers and mothers,
The soles of whose feet are washed by the waters of the blue sea,
Whose green skirts are fluttered by the breeze,
Whose forehead, the Himalayas, is kissed by the skies,
Who wearest the diamond diadem of the snows;
It was in thy firmament that the first day dawned,
It was in thy hermitages that the first hymns were sung.
Words of wisdom, religion, poetry, history, first
Were preached in thy forest temples.
Thou art blessed, the eternal dispenser of good.
Thou dost distribute food from land to land.
The Ganges and the Jumna are the milk of mercy flowing from thy breasts.

India is still a conglomeration of races refusing to realize their community of interests, and utterly lacking in cohesion: but the poet has commenced to dream of unity. This note of union is especially to be detected in the patriotic songs. Mrs. Sarala Devi Ghosal Choudhrani, B.A., made an attempt, in 1901, to compose a song in which she linked together the different provinces and combined the watchwords of the various races and creeds—the *Har, Har, Har* and *Hari Moraré* of the Hindus; *Dadar Hormuz* of the Parsis; *Allah-o-Akbar* of the Mohammedans; *Jai Jehovah* of the Indian Christians; and *Sat Sri Akal* of the Sikhs. As yet such a union is only a figment of the poetic imagination:

O my muse, recall the glory of past days and sing of Hindustan.
O my muse, stir the soul of this large audience, and sing of Hindustan.

Sing of that name which sounds our strength and wealth and fame.
Bengal, Behar, United Provinces, Orissa,
Madras, Maharashtra, Gujerat, Nepal, the Punjab, Rajputana,
Hindu, Parsi, Jain, Christian, Sikh, Mussulman,
All sing, in all the dialects of India,
"Namo Hindustan!" (I bow to Hindustan)
*Har, Har, Har!* Hindustan!
*Dadar Hormuz* Hindustan!
"Namo Hindustan!"

O my muse, kill the spirit of disunion,
And sing the song of unity.
O my muse, be the giver of great strength of body, mind, and soul.
*Hari Moraré* Hindustan! *Jai Jehovah* Hindustan! *Sat Sri Akal* Hindustan!
"Namo Hindustan!"
O my muse, inspirer of all men, sing the new tune.
O my muse, weld together a mighty nation, sing the new song.
Lift up the flag of activity,
Sound the trumpet of duty,
And rouse all hearts.

This was sung by the composer, on the first day of the Indian National Congress, in December, 1901. The chorus was chanted by 400 volunteers. After the second stanza was sung, every person in the huge pavilion joined in the refrain. Such a scene was never before witnessed at that gathering.

Religion being the paramount force in India, and schisms and creeds being the agents that keep the various factions warring among themselves, some patriotic poets are endeavoring to make a god of Hindustan for all Indians to worship—a faith to which all the people may subscribe. One of the most charming of these efforts is an invocation put into the mouth of an ascetic in a pageant which showed the magnificence of the rajas and emperors of the old days of Ind, and was performed at the recent exhibition at Allahabad. It ran:

O God! The Nameless under many names!
O Thou, the Formless under many forms!
The Silent, who art heard in many voices!
Through all the pores of Being take my prayer!
Be favorable to this ancient land,
This Motherland of saints and holy men,
This land of hallowed hills and sacred streams,
Of sombre forests and sun-flooded plains;
This glory of the immemorial East,
Whose dwelling is the splendor of the Sun;
Our Motherland, our home, our India!
May all her many peoples live together
Honoring one another, quietly!
Bring her the peace that kings cannot bequeath,
The happiness that cometh not by wealth!
Each in his own way, yet let each for all
Work and let work, live and be good to life.
So let the self of each be India's self,
And India each man's creed, and each man's race be India, India, India.

In another song we find the poet dedicating himself to the service of the mother:

To your cause I devote my body.
To your cause I devote my life.
For your sorrow my eyes shed tears.
This harp will sing your songs.
Though these arms are weak and incapable,
Yet they will do your work;
Though this sword is dark with rust,
It will cut off thy bonds.
O Mother, even though my blood avail you nothing,
Yet I can shed it to wipe off the least stain on your name,
Or to allay the least of your sorrows.
O Mother, though there is no force in this music of mine,
Who knows but some child of thine may awake,
By hearing these melodies!

Some of the patriotic odes of the last generation were very plaintive. Here is one composed by Rabindranath Tagore that throbs with sorrow:

Who is it that constantly approaches and retires,
With eyes overflowing with tears?
Who is looking toward us with vain hopes?
She is my Mother! She is my Mother!
In the dark house what sad-faced one has prepared the meals for us?
Whose is the food that no longer is pleasant to our palates?
It is our Mother's! It is our poor Mother's!

There is an undertone of shame in the following short stanza, written thirty years ago by Hem Chander Bannerji:

Bugle, sound this tune!
"In this world every race is free,
All are alert with the pride of their honor.
Only India is asleep."

The songs written during the last few years show a marked difference. In the new lays there is a note of jubilance and hope. The following was composed in 1903; the poetess fancies that India's face, which once was fair like that of the Goddess Durga, the possessor of ten hands, and the all-powerful ruler of the ten regions, has become black and terrifying like that of Kali, who is supposed to wear a garland of skulls. She writes:

I bow to thee, I bow to thee, Mother India!
Who allayest the sorrows of all,
Beneficent, good, a saviour,
Whose face has become darkened and terrifying, like the countenance of Kali,
Through sadness at the afflictions of India!
The darkness of cycles now has vanished,
Oh, thou lotus-complexioned Mother, smile,
The earth once more is beautiful with the light of hope and a heart rejuvenated.
The ship of time is bringing to us a cargo of new life,
Smile, oh lotus-complexioned one.
Knowledge has come, prosperity and valor will follow.
We shall see thee once more the happy ruler of the ten regions.
Oh Mother, thou who art armed with daggers and swords,
Thou who wearest a garland of skulls,
The wounds of thy insults shall be healed.

Bengali, of all Indian vernaculars, seems to be the most replete with patriotic songs, though the other dialects are beginning to be enriched in the same way. Kavi Narmadashanker Lalshanker has left several stirring odes in Gujerati, the following, written about 1865, being a fair specimen of his art:

Let my countrymen awaken.
Let them ask for their rights and privileges.
If my countrymen have any spark of humanity left in them
They will surely demand the rights that are theirs as human beings.
Even brutes do not fail to take revenge on those who give them pain.
In this world the ideas of property, personality, and self-respect are necessary;
Those who do not ask for their dues violate the laws of nature—
Let them not be afraid of powers that be,
Let them not sleep supinely with folded hands.
Children have to ask for what they want, even from their mother,
Why not then ask for rights which mean and cunning people try to ignore?
Kings have waged wars for their rights, and men have lost their lives in the struggle for rights.
It is a sign of manliness to stand up and demand our dues.

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A certain number of the songs, being interpreted by the British as seditious, have been proscribed. All printed copies have been seized and the circulation or singing of them is made a penal offence. Most of those that have been placed under the ban are indeed as lurid as revolutionary songs in any language. They depict the English as draining the life-blood of Hindustan and shipping it to England to feed and fatten their people, while the Indians themselves are left a weakened, emasculated race, a prey to constant famine; and they call upon the people to free themselves. We may cite a few lines from a Punjabi song to show this sentiment:

> The foreigners are looting Hindustan,
> Combine to save it from being looted.
> Come, let us go to the battlefield,
> Get our heads cut off
> (But) kill (the Englishman).
> Be not afraid of naked swords.

It is easy to understand that no Government, in self-defence, could permit such sedition to fan the flames of its own destruction.

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

# Correspondence

## RABELAIS AND MORE'S "UTOPIA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the review of "The French Renaissance in England" in your issue of June 1, the reviewer speaks of the prominence Mr. Sidney Lee gives to "two recent discoveries," and writes of the second, "He works out the suggestion made by Professor Lefranc that Rabelais adapted a part of More's 'Utopia.'" On page 74 of his book Mr. Lee terms "the evidence of familiarity with More's book which Rabelais offers" "a new fact in the comparative study of French and English literature"; and says, "Rabelais's island of Utopia, with 'the great city of the Amaurots,' comes straight from More's romance. The names are of More's invention." A foot-note on this asserts: "Prof. Abel Lefranc, in 'Les Navigations de Pantagruel: étude sur la géographie rabelaisienne' (Paris, 1905), while pursuing a different line of inquiry, was the first to call attention to Rabelais's indebtedness to More's 'Utopia.'"

But that Rabelais took these names from the "Utopia" has long been known, and is stated in both French and English books that date much earlier than 1905. On page 345 of the first volume of Burgaud des Marets and Rathery's edition of Rabelais's works (Paris, 1857), for instance, this note is given where "Utopie" first occurs in the text:

> L'Utopie, république imaginaire, dont le ville des Amaurotes (du grec ἀμαυρὸς, obscur) est la capitale, sert de titre au roman politique de Th. More, publié en latin; Louvain, 1516; Paris, 1516, 1517, et traduit en français par Z. Leblond, Paris, 1550. In-8.

But this is by no means all that is unsatisfactory in Mr. Lee's statements concerning the "Utopia." In view of the fact that in his life of More in the Dictionary of National Biography he stated that "Hythloday . . . is a wholly fictitious personage," it is surprising that he now writes, "It was while More was engaged on diplomatic business at Antwerp, where French was the language of official circles, it was while he was talking in French with a Portuguese sailor who had voyaged to America, that More's alert imagination conceived his new ideal of society." If this rests on anything other than More's statements in the beginning of his book, where, as Mr. Lee well says in the work just cited, "a reader may easily be puzzled to detect where the fact ends and the fiction begins," the authority should have been cited, for some one certainly has made a "new discovery." But if, on the other hand, the only authority for it is the "Utopia" itself, there is nothing there to indicate that More conversed with Hythloday in French. What indications there are point rather to the use of Latin, the *lingua franca* among scholars at that time: for Giles on introducing Hythloday at once corrects More's error in taking him for an ordinary sailor, and explains that he is a philosophical traveller "et latinæ linguæ non indoctus"; and when Giles later says, "Mihi visum est non ut servias regibus, sed ut inservias," Hythloday responds, with a paronomasia that would not exist had they been talking French, "Hoc est una syllaba plus quam servias."

But these are comparatively venial sins. Mr. Lee has a thesis to support, and in contrasting the welcome that the "Utopia" received abroad, and especially in France, with what he is pleased to term "the cold neglect of the book at home," he does so by nothing less than *suppressio veri*. His statements are, in general, true; but they are far from being the whole truth; and the inferences from them given or suggested are decidedly misleading. From his pages one could conclude only that it was merely the lack of English interest in its subject-matter that prevented More's writing the whole of his book in England and publishing it there, and that the only reason why it was not at once translated into English and given to "the unscholarly world" was that "England . . . set small store by the stirring humanist revelation which her own son offered her."

That "the greater part" of the "Utopia" "was penned in a foreign country" is explained easily and naturally by the fact that at home More had little opportunity to write (*teste* his letter to Giles), and in Antwerp, during the break in the negotiations with the Flemish ambassadors, little opportunity to do anything else. And, in the words of Morley, "'Utopia' was not printed in England during the reign of Henry VIII, and could not be, for its satire was too direct to be misunderstood, even when it mocked English policy with ironical praise for doing what it failed to do." More had narrowly escaped imprisonment or execution by Henry VII, and naturally did all he could to lessen the risk of incurring the displeasure of his son. The first English translation did not appear until four years after Henry VIII's death, and even then the translator considered its publication a "bolde and rash enterpryse," tried to shift the responsibility for it to another, and dedicated it to Cecil, who had been his schoolfellow, "partly that under the sauffe conduct of his protection it might the better be defended." "France," says Mr. Lee, in reference to the French translation, "efficiently relieved More's 'Utopia' of the risk of oblivion to which English blindness exposed it," but, as Robynson's translation followed Leblond's by but a year, and was entirely independent of it, the "risk of oblivion" does not seem to have been very great. And if the publication of a French translation in 1550 shows warm appreciation, how is it that the publication of an English one but a year later indicates "cold neglect"?

That no commendation by an English scholar is among those printed with the first edition of the "Utopia" admits of an explanation much more probable than that Colet, Linacre, and Grocyn found nothing praiseworthy in a book that was a fruit of their teachings and the work of their intimate friend: viz., that they did not see it before its publication, and hence had no opportunity of adding their commendations. In the letter that accompanied it, More apologizes to Giles for sending him the manuscript so much later than he had reason to expect it, and explains the cause of the long delay; he has been so busy since his return that he could devote to it "onelye that tyme whyche I steale from slepe and meate." Under such circumstances, it is not likely that he would add still further to the delay by circulating what he had written among his English friends before sending it to Antwerp. But that Giles, on the other hand, should submit the manuscript to More's Flemish friends before sending it to the printer, was virtually imposed by More himself: "I wyll as touchinge the edition or publishing of the booke," he wrote, "followe the counsell and advise of my frendes, and specially yours." Giles and four or five others, all residents of Antwerp, Louvain, or the vicinity, emphasized their favorable advice by having printed with the book letters or verses encomiastic of it and its author. But this does not go far towards proving "the cold neglect of the book at home."

Finally, Mr. Lee writes:

> Nor was English, the native language of the author, the first vernacular into which the work was translated. It was a French version which first popularized More's speculations. . . . The anonymous French translator of 1549, and the Parisian bookseller, Charles Angelier, who in 1550 circulated More's Latin in modern speech, may be credited with giving the unscholarly world the first opportunity of studying at first hand More's social and political gospel.

This is nothing less than astounding; for, as is shown in the life of More previously cited, Mr. Lee knows that the French translation was preceded *twenty-six years* by a German and two years by an Italian! Apparently, the reviewer's warning that from "the excesses in which this sort of study may involve one," "he is not entirely free" is nearer the mark than his statement that in the book "there is a splendid union of scholarly precision and revolutionary deduction."

WM. DALLAM ARMES.

University of California, June 20.

## A LECTURE OF SUMNER'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Through your courtesy I should like to appeal to your readers in behalf of the Yale Press and myself for an elusive bit of information. In a volume to be issued in

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the autumn, entitled "War and Other Essays," by the late Prof. William Graham Sumner, occurs an essay-lecture on "War." Professor Sumner, some four or five years ago, spoke to me of having recently delivered this lecture; and my indistinct remembrance is that he said he had been "out to Buffalo." It is desirable that we should know the date and place of delivery of this lecture, and we have not as yet been able to discover either. This is not the famous "Conquest of the United States by Spain," but is of a more general nature, dealing with the causes and results of war. Any one of your readers who can furnish us with the information desired would confer a favor upon us by addressing the undersigned, who is editing the collection. ALBERT G. KELLER.

No. 55 Huntington St., New Haven, Conn., July 3.

## PROFESSOR BERGSON'S PRINCIPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it possible that the reviewer of "Matter and Memory" and "Creative Evolution," in the *Nation* of June 29, has failed to understand Professor Bergson's principle of duration?

Professor Bergson does not say we can think real time. He says the opposite ("Creative Evolution," p. 46):

We do not think real time. But we live it because life transcends intellect.

Because motion is indivisible, thus permitting the flight of the Eleatic arrow, does it follow that we cannot get our sensible experiences in drops? The life of each of us is a continuous duration, a becoming, not a collection of static intervals. And yet, when we use our life for action, when we examine into it, we make cross-cuts in the becoming: we speak of our infancy, our youth, or any of our characteristics as if each were a real, divisible part of our personality.

It is unnecessary to quote Professor James to show that our sensible experiences appear to us in drops. Is not the fact that they do so a central part of the Bergsonian philosophy? Professor Bergson says ("Creative Evolution," p. 301):

The primal function of perception is precisely to grasp a series of elementary changes under the form of a quality or of a simple state, by a work of condensation.

And again ("Creative Evolution," pp. 272, 3):

Preoccupied before everything else with the necessities of action, the intellect, like the senses, is limited to taking at intervals views that are instantaneous, and by that very fact immobile, of the becoming of matter. . . . We pluck out of duration those moments that interest us and that we have gathered along its course. These alone we retain. And we are right in so doing while action only is in question.

In "Matter and Memory" (p. 234), Professor Bergson explains that the orientation of our consciousness toward action appears to be the fundamental law of our psychical life.

If these facts were not so, how could we be those "centres of action," those "centres of indetermination" which comprise one of the pivotal points of Professor Bergson's philosophy? No contradiction of Professor Bergson is apparent in Professor James's assertion that there is quantitative discreteness in the change of our sensible experiences. If our sensible experiences were not thus conditioned, how could matter become isolable for us and prepared for our actions?

Your reviewer says Professor Bergson's doctrine of the creative character of the evolutionary process can be "more or less" dissociated from the *durée réelle*, and he predicts that thus it is likely to influence the general view of our generation. How there can be any dissociation at all, without utterly destroying Bergson's point of view, it is difficult to see. The two appear to be inseparable. It seems obvious that Professor Bergson so regards them. In his "Creative Evolution" (p. 162) he speaks of "true continuity, real mobility, reciprocal penetration—in a word, that creative evolution which is life."

Is your reviewer right in attributing the popularity of Professor Bergson to his "obscurities," to the "ineffable" nature of his philosophy? Is not his influence due rather to his banishment of philosophic mysticism, of the dominance of intellectualism from life? Does not his vogue owe its prevalence to the fact that he gives us authority to call a rose in our garden a rose, and not a fortuitous concatenation of atoms, nor a mental perception, nor a part of the self-projected vision of an Absolute? Is not the spirit of these words ("Matter and Memory," pp. 277-8) at the bottom of the growing influence of the great Frenchman's doctrine?—

That there are in a sense multiple objects, that one man is distinct from another man, tree from tree, stone from stone, is an indisputable fact; for each of these beings, each of these things, has characteristic properties and obeys a determined law of evolution.

J. W. T. MASON.

New York, July 2.

## TONIC FOR TREES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I used to transform the appearance of dog's-bane and rose-leaves until they looked very much like coleus plants, with beautiful, mottled foliage. It was done by adding bicarbonate of soda to the water in which the flowers were placed. But why the chemical acted in this way upon the veins, not upon the blossom, I could never ascertain. Old gardeners, desiring to create some abnormal growth, had a way of "feeding the plant" some liquid stimulant, which was taken into the circulation through a puncture in the vine. In this way has arisen what is known as the "injection treatment for trees," which is very nearly analogous to hypodermic medical treatment. The first attempts were directed entirely to efforts to increase the fruitfulness of plants, but apparently subsidiary causes interfered in so many ways that no definite knowledge was obtained. Then the idea was directed to various forms of diseased plant life, though in Europe, at least, scientists concluded that the system was of little practical use. Later our own agricultural stations experimented with solutions of formaldehyde of varying strength, from one-half part to one part to five hundred, but it was stated that the resistance of trees to injury is extremely variable, and great care must be used. Various fungicide solutions have been injected, but usually with quite unsatisfactory results; even a solution of copper sulphate (1 part to 2,000 of water) has been injurious to some forms of plant life when put directly into the circulation.

The conclusions drawn from these experiments so far seem to prove that the variations in plant life are so great that anything in the nature of a specific remedy cannot be discovered; and, as we do not understand nervous action in the plant world, it is almost safe to say the experiments will be abandoned. Heredity and environment must always be carefully considered in any system which seeks to combine organic and inorganic substances, or to destroy the toxic principles of disease by the toxic principle of some other substance.

J. E. DUBOIS.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., July 7.

## SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the correspondence in your columns on scientific management shows that people are interested in the subject, you may care to print the following transcript from the Rules on the Rice Plantation of P. C. Weston, South Carolina, published in 1857 in *DeBow's Review:*

A task is as much work as the meanest full hand can do in nine hours working industriously. The driver is each morning to point out to each hand his task, and this task is never to be increased and no work is to be done over task except under urgent necessity, which overwork is to be reported to the proprietor, who will pay for it. No negro is to be put to a task which he cannot finish with considerable ease. It is a bad plan to punish for not finishing task; it is subversive of discipline to leave tasks unfinished, and contrary to justice to punish for what cannot be done. In nothing does a good manager so much excel a bad as in being able to discern what a hand is capable of doing and in never attempting to make him do more.

The full report from which this is taken, as well as many other overseers' reports giving the prevailing attitude of Southern employers to the management of the hands on their plantations, is to be found in the first volume of the "Documentary History of American Industrial Society," recently reviewed in your columns.

PHILIP P. CHASE.

Milton, Mass., July 6.

## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a Northern woman in charge of a public library in the South, it has interested me to observe the steady, spontaneous demand of the public for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The younger generation is largely responsible for its circulation, though older people also ask for it. A countryman read the book recently, saying that he had been trying to get it for years. Comments on the book have been rare, but this man volunteered the information that there was nothing in the book untrue, adding, "I have always lived in the South; I know."

The present generation reads it with little of the prejudice impossible for their elders to lay aside sixty years ago, and a truer understanding of the author's motives is possible, though probably its appeal to young people lies in the fact that they regard it as a "good story." LIBRARIAN.

Tyler, Tex., July 1.

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# Literature

## ON THE TIGRIS AND EUPHRATES.

*Amurath to Amurath.* By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. With map and 234 illustrations. $5 net.

Seldom does there come to the weary reviewer a book of Eastern travel bearing the clear stamp of abiding value. Such was Kinglake's "Eothen"; such Burton's "Pilgrimage" and Doughty's "Arabia Deserta." Travel-books abound, but literature in travel is of the rarest. Into such a class this book must fall. It has the highest scientific value; but it has also charm; life has passed into it from its writer, and by that life it lives and the things of which it tells move before us. Yet there is more here than simple vitality. Miss Bell has the gift of language, and, from time to time, for all the vivid simplicity of her pictures, she rises to a grave magnificence of style. Thus for her in those lands through which she passed "the reverberation of ancient fame sounds more richly in the ears than the voice of modern achievement. The banks of the Euphrates echo with ghostly alarums; the Mesopotamian deserts are full of the rumor of phantom armies" (p. viii). And so her pages are haunted with the advance of the fated army of Julian and the retreat of the so differently fated Ten Thousand Greeks; with the expeditions of the Assyrians and the raids of now nameless Arab tribes; with the Sasanian fall and the Moslem golden age. The ghosts of dead empires dogged her steps while the air around her was electric with the birth of a new era. For her journey fell between February and July, 1909, and it was at Tekrit on the Tigris, the birthplace of Saladin, that she heard of the counter-revolution; it was from the guns of Mosul proclaiming Reshad Sultan that she heard of the capture of Constantinople; and her way through the mountains from the monasteries of Tur Abdin to the world again at Cæsarea was sown thick with vague rumors of the Cilician massacres.

And there is yet another magic at work in these pages. The Semite has always brooded on the mystery of the following and vanishing generations and of the unchanging and eternal earth. More, he has felt the appalling contrast between the fragile life of man and the serene steadfastness of the buildings man can rear. In the desert such great stone or brick structures are as the eternal hills. Commonest, too, of all the motifs of Arabic poetry is the deserted abiding-place. And when it is no mere cleared and trenched camping-ground, but the castle and palace of a forgotten race, the nerve of imagination is touched and the life of man in its transitoriness flashes out. The words of Ecclesiastes are paralleled by many a desert singer and recur again and again in the Koran of Mohammed himself. Thus in the Koran (xxii, 44), there is the great passage concerning the city, whose people have perished while its roofs abide—"and how many a well lies abandoned and how many a lofty palace"—which so troubled the Arabic geographers and eventually found its way into the Arabian Nights as rightly of the land of romance. And the noble couplet of Lebid, "We are worn away, but unworn are the stars that rise; and the mountains remain after us and the great works which we leave," is of the very spirit of the desert. It was with due right then that Miss Bell prefixed this couplet to her volume, for her journey led her to many such silent monuments of vanished races.

She left Aleppo on February 3, 1909, and plunged at once into the new Turkey. Travelling alone with a caravan of trusted servants and evidently speaking the language easily, though not so secure in literary Arabic, she gives at every turn vivid little descriptions, scraps of conversations, estimates and snatches at truth on the situation and the races in it, their capabilities and disabilities. Turks, Syrians, Arabs, Kurds, Armenians, Yezidis, all are brought before us. Bishops and governors, Arab sheikhs, and Turkish kadis, soldiers, and muleteers, begs and peasants, all talk themselves frankly out; while Fattuh, the leader of her caravan, an Aleppine of infinite resource and practical wisdom, is a constant background and chorus, an indefinite eliciter of humor, if himself not humorous. Of many things is the talk; but chiefly of a mysterious new thing called *hurriya*, "freedom." It is a word of genuinely Arabic origin and formation. Philologically, one might think that it could mean only one thing and that what it does mean; but it could not have raised more doubts and caused more questions if it had been a borrowed word of the foreignest. The Bedouins, it is true, are free, wild asses of the desert, with no yoke on their necks; but all evidently felt that this new thing could be no such utter individualism. And if there is a binding unity and an obedience in it, obedience to whom or what? Obedience to an absolute ruler whom they needs must obey; obedience to a religious or social code as old as the hills and stark with tradition they could understand; but obedience to a self-created and imposed law was too hard a saying.

And so the government was still a higher power, to be thought of as though something elemental, quite apart from the people. The sense of a common responsibility was, and is, still to come. Miss Bell found no real understanding why the delegates had been sent to Parliament, or that they were responsible in any sense to their constituents. The spies were gone, it is true; restrictions had fallen away; passports could be got without delay or bribes. But justice, if anything, had suffered from the shock. All men's minds were uncertain, and officials, through caution of the future, were slow to act. Naturally it would be for the local branch committees to see to this—to educate the people in citizenship and to keep the officials keyed up. Miss Bell was left dubious of the extent and weight of their influence. It evidently varied greatly in different places, and the secret inner executive reporting to the central committee at Constantinople, much as the spies had reported to Abd al-Hamid, was of very uncertain value. What the people everywhere wanted was a strong hand in the executive, military if need be, and a government which they themselves knew. And Miss Bell herself testifies that wherever order had been kept during the Terror—for that exactly was what the reaction had brought—it had been due to a strong governor. Government, the popular voice would continue, is of the Turks; they understand politics and brought the Constitution; for all such things the Arabs are useless.

And thus is raised the great question of decentralization, almost the only point at question between the *Ahrar*, the so-called Liberals, and the committee. That decentralization of some kind will come is certain. It is definitely written into the Constitution, and so multifarious a conglomerate as Turkey can only in the end issue in some confederated or federated system. But the very variety commands patience until some other unifying force shall have been developed than the deadly one of religion, and until the outlying provinces are in some degree brought level with European Turkey. Thus Miss Bell writes in words that all who know the Moslem East will echo:

> Cruel and bloody as Ottoman rule has shown itself upon these remote frontiers, it is better than the untrammelled mastery of Arab beg or Kurdish agha, and if the half-exterminated Christian sects, the persecuted Yezidis, the wretched fellahin of every creed, who sow in terror crops which they may never reap, are to win protection and prosperity, it is to the Turk that they must look. He, and he only, can control the warring races of his empire, and when he has learnt to use his power impartially and with rectitude, peace will follow (p. 247).

And, again, here is a tribute to what the Young Turks, in spite of everything, have accomplished:

> Thus it is through all the Asiatic provinces, and the further I went the more convinced did I become that European Turkey is the head and brains of the empire, and that if the difficult task of reform is to be carried out in Asia, it can only be done from western Turkey. I believe that this

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has been recognized in Constantinople, for the provincial governors appointed under the new régime have been almost invariably well chosen (p. 73).

Meanwhile, what of the hostile elements, partly jealous races—Turks, Arabs, Kurds, etc.—and partly warring religions? The picture is an unhappy one. All round the desert, there abides the standing irritation between the fellahin and the Bedu—the farmer and the nomad. When the rains fail and the desert is dry, the tribes move—they can nought else—and seek their food in the sown lands. If the government is strong, they may be beaten back; but the fierce necessities of life are hard to turn. Similarly, the Kurds in the northern mountains watch to drive their prey from the upland valleys and the fertile lowlands. Behind it all is the secular conflict of Turk and Arab, with contempt and conscious pride of race and conquest on each side. And still further back and deeper lodged lie, between Moslem and Christian, fear, distrust, and panic of massacre. Some of Miss Bell's most telling pages go to make clear this final antithesis. On the Christian side are centuries of too well founded fear. Among Orientals, ever swayed by suggestion, the madness of the crowd may sweep in a moment all restraint away—humanity, neighborhood, friendship, are nothing in the day of slaughter. And so, too, on the subject race there often falls a helpless panic, inconceivable to us to whom, when face to face with certain death, there would come a lust of dying with arms of any kind in our hands. On the Moslem side also, hard as it is for us to realize it, there is fear, the fear of our Southern States where the negroes outnumber the whites. Let there be wild talk among the negroes anywhere in these States, with purchasing and hoarding of arms, and scenes approximating to those at Adana might not be very far off. All would depend on those in authority. And so says Miss Bell, of Turkey:

> I believe that no great massacre has taken place in Turkey without the encouragement of the central authority, or a passivity which amounts to connivance on the part of the local officials; a strong Vali backed by an enlightened government would keep peace in the most fanatical province of the empire (p. 353).

So the moral is that the Christian races must learn not to play politics and quarrel among themselves, but to work honestly and fairly for the country which is now theirs, and especially to bear their part in the burden of military service. That, more than anything else, will weld the empire together.

But all this leaves untouched the side of her book which for Miss Bell was probably of most consequence. She is an archæologist, trained under Sir William Ramsay, of wide interests, and especially in the architecturally dim period from the Sasanian fall through the Caliphate. So, with metre tape and rod, and, above all, with her camera, she went down the Euphrates from Carchemish, now on one bank, now on the other, as ruins summoned her, to Hit. Then came a sweep through the desert with her great discovery, the lonely and abandoned palace of Ukheidir, as her farthest southing, seven hours southwest from Kerbela. Then Babil to Baghdad and up the Tigris to Mosul; thence zig-zag through the mountains of Assyria and Tur Abdin to Diyarbekr; then by Kharput, Malatiya, Aziziyeh and Cæsarea to Konia. Everywhere she planned and photographed, and the first fruits of her labors are here in many architectural descriptions and in 234 photographs and ground-plans. Of the places and routes more largely dealt with are Rakkah, the mysterious of many names and sites; the Parthian station of Isidorus of Charax from Rakkah to Hit; and, above all, Ukheidir. This palace-fortress—Lakhmid, Umayyad, Abbasid, who yet can certainly tell?—is put before us in all its amplitude and wealth, architecturally and imaginatively. Architecturally Sasanian, its fit place is in the world of imagination with Irem of the Pillars and the City of Brass. In its ruined halls, where the song of Ibn ar-Rashid is now chanted, we listen rather for echoes of the lay of Lebid or the lament of Adi ibn Zaid. Under its arches the life of the Lakhmids and Ghassanids, between the desert and Persia and Byzantium, at last becomes real to us, and a world which for even the early Moslems had become a legend is created anew. And yet one other thing seems very clear. This "Little Green Place," for so its name means, can have been no such arid waste as now. It furnishes another fragment of evidence for the drying of these lands, whether by pulsatory or progressive change. Next in detail of treatment comes Samarra, whence Ibn Tulun got his mosque and minaret. Under its ruined vaults we can reconstruct the Baghdadian palaces of Harun ar-Rashid and move amid the scenes of the earliest Arabian Nights. With Mosul we enter Christian country, and early churches claimed Miss Bell's attention; and so she went through the Mountain of the Monks and on to Diyarbekr.

All this is a suggestion only of the multiform interest of the book. Much must be passed over, and especially the more intimate life. There is the story of Fattuh and his friend the thief, and of his experiences with the Evil Eye. The prayer for rain, too, at Mezreh, in which men of every faith joined under their common need. Miss Bell does not notice that this is the one occasion when the Moslem canon law prescribes such united action. Even the domestic animals must join in it, as we read in Joel and Jonah. Here, too, is probably the first record of an Arabic ode to an automobile—a veritable *qasida* of the old pre-Moslem unchanging type and sung with the same cries from the listeners, "It is the truth! It is the truth!" that greeted the great old odes at the Fair of Ukaz. Details, of course, are subject to criticism. "Muhammad el-Abdullah" (p. 126) is a very strange name, and (p. 14) the Memluk heraldic bearings might have been recognized after Artin Pasha's labors on them. The pot-hooks are polo sticks and the cup shows the office of cup-bearer. The passage on p. 56 about the mosque being *mu'allaq* on *'amud* is far from clear, and the Naqibs whom Miss Bell met at Baghdad and Mosul (pp. 195, 251) must have been the officials in charge of the registers of Sherifs in these two places. But such details cannot touch in the least the great value of such a book as this.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*The Miller of Old Church.* By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In Miss Glasgow's forward-looking thought the vigorous life of the New South is reflected. She relegates the negro to the background, where he appears merely as an indispensable feature of the picturesque Virginia landscape, and consigns the "dilapidated aristocrat" to a place of secondary importance. Most of her people are of the self-respecting agricultural class that has arisen out of the ignominious "pore white trash" of antebellum days. This has been a movement actually spectacular in its swiftness and its promise; and, by conveying a sense of the larger romance, Miss Glasgow amply compensates for a plot of somewhat conventional design. In the relations of the two households, the Gays and the Revercombs, the condescensions on the one hand, the hostility on the other, we read the whole story of antagonism between the families of the plantation owner and the small farmer. One is tempted to expatiate at length on the typal perfections of the Revercomb group, covering in four generations the whole psychology and most of the history of their entire class—the patiently tended grandparents, childishly greedy and quarrelsome in their dotage; the mother, harsh and devoted; the silent Abner, meeting depredations upon his womankind with summary vengeance; Archie, lazy ranger with dog and gun; and, lastly, the stalwart miller, embodying all the crude virtues of his class, its vigor, its energy, its independence, its intolerant idealism, its powers of resistance and endurance.

No less admirable is the portrayal of the cultivated Gays, survivors of a social order whose standards no longer prevail. No one has heretofore let in the clear cold light of common

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sense upon the status of the Southern woman under the old régime, and surely no one but a modern artist could have painted the slow martyrdom of poor Miss Kesiah, to whom nature had denied both beauty and "the liver of a lady" ("the difference between the liver of a lady and that of another person was that one required no exercise and the other did"), and whose artistic predilections had been sternly repressed as unbecoming in "a Virginia lady."

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*People of Popham.* By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Obviously of the type of "Cranford," this tale betrays here and there the too familiar modern note of cleverness which was utterly foreign to Mrs. Gaskell. Yet Mrs. Wemyss possesses a fund of genuine and infectious humor, especially in her portrayal of children, who seem to have stepped directly out of nature. The conclusion supplied by little Pat Howard to an unfinished proverb assigned by his governess is worth quoting: "People who live in glass houses—should undress in the dark." The author shows a literary sense of phrase, too, in such comments as that upon the "terrible facial stiffness which comes from the social smile." And the letter which the village doctor's wife pens to a hostess whose dinner, given the previous evening, has disagreed with the worthy physician, is inimitable.

Indeed, there is not a little to commend in the painting of rustic manners and motives. Christian Hope, the heroine, though not the most beautiful woman in the book, is a keen observer and sympathetic listener who will probably win the hearts of a good many readers. Lady Victoria Popham is a diverting type of leading person of the community; and the Howards, husband, wife, and children, are unconquerable optimists who add appreciably to the total effect. The plot is for the most part, as it should be, rather slight. That it should have been marred by the illogical and almost absurd romantic breathlessness of the final pages is a pity.

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*The Red Lantern.* By Edith Wherry. New York: John Lane Co.

The Boxer uprising of 1900, in China, is the theme of this not uninteresting narrative. The heroine, Mahlee, Goddess of the Red Lantern Light, is a Eurasian, daughter of an English nobleman and an obscure Chinese woman of Peking. Her struggle between East and West in her own temperament is often well depicted; and the scene in which she confronts her father and white half-sister is genuinely dramatic. Sam Wang, also Eurasian, and a leader in the uprising, is a grotesque figure not wholly convincing, whose passion for the goddess is finally thwarted by death at the hands of his own followers. Andrew Handel, an ascetic missionary from Vermont, all but declared his love for the same goddess, when, as he was about to raise her hand to his lips, "a strong shaft of moonlight struck the long fingers which lay in his; and he saw their yellow gleam." In short, there are several thrills in store for the emotional reader. Scorned by her white lover, Mahlee turns from the Ark of the Covenant Mission to avenge the insult to her race by becoming a Jeanne d'Arc of the Boxers. The not unimpressive tragedy of her end may be left to the curiosity of the reader.

The Chinese atmosphere of the story seems to be faithfully conveyed, and constitutes a considerable part of its appeal. There is too much half-successful melodrama, however, which is not entirely redeemed by the strength of the conclusion.

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*The House in the Hedge.* By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Early in the book, the winsome heroine of this little story climbs a tree. Up in the tree is a platform where Marjorie likes to read. From that exalted though rustic station she can look across the hedge that otherwise conceals the house recently rented by a mysterious stranger. The windows are open but curtained, and through the curtains comes the voice of a man entreating Marjorie to climb the tree every day and speak to him. He is reduced to asking this favor by an automobile accident, which has turned Reed Harrington, Harvard football player, poloist, oarsman, and what-not, into a recumbent figure, paralyzed below the shoulders. So Marjorie continues to climb her tree and to engage in conversation with the voice, until the invalid's shame of his helplessness passes away. Thereafter Marjorie and Harrington converse, not as through a lace curtain darkly, but face to face. Toward the end there is a successful operation, of course, and happiness comes, postponed for a few pages, by a rather foolish bit of pistol-play. The simple, straightforward narrative with its touch of school-girl slang and humor is really well done.

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## MEDIÆVAL STORIES AND STORY-BOOKS.

*Catalogue of Romances in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum.* Vol. III. By J. A. Herbert, assistant in the Department of Manuscripts. Crown 8vo, pp. xii, 730. Printed by order of the Trustees. London, 1910.

One would not expect to find in a catalogue of mediæval manuscripts, mostly Latin, a mine of entertaining fiction, and yet the volume before us contains literally thousands (there are above eight thousand separate articles, a considerable number of which are repeated) of edifying stories, many of which are still in circulation. We use the term edifying, as well as entertaining, for this great mass of stories owes its origin, almost exclusively, to the desire of mediæval preachers to interest and edify their congregations. The use of illustrative stories in sermons, while not unknown earlier, did not become general until the foundation in the thirteenth century of the Franciscan and Dominican orders profoundly changed the character of preaching. It is said of the founder of the Ordo Prædicantium, "Abundabat exemplis, quibus ad amorem Christi seculive contemtum audientium animi flecterentur"; and almost all who were prominent in the use of *exempla* or illustrative stories in their own sermons or by collecting them for the use of others were Dominicans. A most important exception was Jacques de Vitry, bishop of Acre, preacher of the crusade of 1217, and historian of the Orient. He was the first to employ systematically in his *sermones vulgares* (sermons addressed to all sorts and conditions of men) illustrative stories. These stories, or to give them their technical name, *exempla*, were collected separately for the use of other preachers, and similar collections were later made in alphabetical form, arranged by topics. With the invention of printing, the older manuscript collections were replaced by such printed collections as the "Speculum Exemplorum," Herolt's "Promptuarium," the "Scala Celi" of Johannes Gobius, etc. Sometimes the *exempla* are given in their simplicity, sometimes they are accompanied by a moralization. Of the latter class the "Gesta Romanorum," still a most interesting and precious work, is the best specimen.

One hundred and nine manuscripts are described and analyzed in Mr. Herbert's "Catalogue." The large majority of these contain collections of Latin *exempla*. Some are in verse, such as William of Waddington's "Manuel des Péchés" (French), and its English translation by Robert of Brunne, both published by the Roxburghe Club. There are also English metrical homilies, containing illustrative stories, some of which have been edited by Horstmann. In French is the collection known as "Vie des anciens Pères," which has been only partly published, and a collection of two hundred and twenty-nine *exempla* arranged alphabetically, and mostly taken from the "Alphabetum Narrationum." More interesting is the translation in the Northumbrian dialect of the "Alphabetum Narrationum" usually attributed to Etienne de Besançon, but shown by the author of the "Catalogue" to be more properly ascribed to Arnold of Liège (1308). The English translation has recently been published by the Early English Text Society, and is one of the

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most interesting and valuable of the great collections. A considerable number of other manuscripts have been printed, either fully or in part, such as the "Exempla of Jacques de Vitry" (by Professor Crane for the English Folk-Lore Society), the "Tractatus de Abundantia Exemplorum" (Ulm, 1480), and Etienne de Bourbon's "Liber de Septem Donis" (by Lecoy de La Marche for the Société de l'Histoire de France). Cæsar of Heisterbach's "Dialogus Miraculorum" (by Strange, Cologne, 1851), Bromyard's "Summa Prædicantium," and Herolt's "Promptuarium Exemplorum" have been printed frequently. The Italian collection of moralized tales in MS. Add. 22557 has been printed by Ulrich in the *Romania*, Vol. XII (1884), and the "Gesta Romanorum," of which fourteen manuscripts in Latin, two in English, and one in German are here analyzed, is, of course, easily accessible in print. This is also the case with the important fables and stories of Odo of Cheriton, edited by Oesterley and Hervieux.

There is left, however, an enormous mass of inedited material of the greatest interest and value to the student of mediæval fiction. We may call attention especially to the MS. Add. 11284, containing the "Speculum Laicorum," usually ascribed to John of Hoveden, the chaplain of Queen Eleanor, mother of Edward I. The manuscript is often cited as the Thoms MS., as it once belonged to that distinguished antiquary and bears his signature. The work consists of a collection of passages from the Scripture and the Fathers, arranged alphabetically according to subjects in eighty-seven chapters, and illustrated by nearly six hundred short tales, apologues, and fables. The greater part of these stories are from the usual sources. The remainder, Mr. Herbert says, "belong to the category of 'temporum præteritorum ac modernorum eventus,' which our author had probably learnt at hearsay. In the great majority of these the scene is laid in England, generally in some specified locality, as Kent, Winchelsea, Berwick, Eynsham, etc. (especially the first-named, which occurs frequently). Two of the anecdotes relate to traits in Henry III's character; five others are narrated as having occurred during his reign; and others contain marks of time which assign them to the same period." Our space will not allow us to mention other collections, and the above must suffice to show the value and interest of mediæval *exempla*. It remains to say a few words about the work of the author of this catalogue.

In the first place, the range of this third volume is narrow and technical compared with that of the first two volumes, which contained, among others, romances belonging to the great cycles of antiquity, those concerning Arthur and Charlemagne, northern and eastern legends and tales, Æsopic fables, visions of heaven and hell, miracles of the Virgin, etc. A multitude of difficult questions were discussed and solved by the responsible author, the late H. L. D. Ward (a name dear to hosts of scholars in this country and abroad), who had the able assistance of J. A. Herbert, the author of the present volume. In the case of this third volume, there were relatively few questions to settle, but an enormous amount of labor and erudition was necessary for the analyses of the manuscripts and the annotation of the separate stories. This task Mr. Herbert has accomplished in a way to earn the gratitude of all students of mediæval fiction. In addition, he has contributed valuable information about Odo of Cheriton, the "Gesta Romanorum," the authorship of the "Alphabetum Narrationum," etc.

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*William Lloyd Garrison.* By Lindsay Swift. (American Crisis Biographies.) Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Biographies of men like Garrison, unlike those of statesmen, soldiers, or men of letters, must often be approached by the thoughtful student with somewhat of apprehension. However deep may have been the impression made by moral leaders or reformers upon their own times, one cannot be sure that the story of their careers will retain interest for succeeding generations. The moral problems of one age are not those of another, nor is their full significance usually comprehended by those who wrestle with them; and there is danger lest, as their conditions are examined with more precision and at longer range, a critical evaluation may weaken, if indeed it does not go far to destroy, appreciation of what once passed for moral fervor. To orient one's mind in a social situation whose chief ethical problem, in the form in which it presented itself at the moment, has been definitively solved, and then to describe that situation with truthfulness, sympathy, and detachment, is as hard a task as the historian is likely to essay.

There is no better illustration in American history of what has just been said than the course of the abolition movement under Garrison. The story of the emancipation of a race from servitude, linked as it is with the story of the greatest of all wars, will never, we may be sure, lose its spectacular interest, however often it may be told. But for a generation which, though it has never seen a slave, has nevertheless come to acquiesce in a policy of widespread race discrimination and subjection, the moral enthusiasm with which the struggle for emancipation was waged may well come to seem crude, remote, and even repellent. Here is a movement which, as many students now affect to see it, flouted history in affirming the natural equality of whites and blacks, ignored the economic advantages of slave labor under Southern agricultural conditions, and attacked indiscriminately all who opposed its programme of reform. Here is a leader whose courteous manners, consecrated zeal, and admitted intellectual powers were matched by fanatical intolerance and bitter speech; who seemed at times to love violence as much as he always hated ease; who fell an easy victim to the latest "ism," and quarrelled with the church as radically as with the state; who refused to vote or to join a party; and who, after denouncing in unmeasured terms the Constitution of the United States, publicly burned that instrument and advocated disunion. Clearly, we do not do this sort of thing to-day, partly because we think it rather bad manners, partly because it is not so easy as it once was to be a martyr. Why, then, should the story continue to be told, and each time with an attempt at still more accuracy and completeness? Why not leave a dead past to bury its dead?

We are disposed to think that Mr. Swift, in the volume which is the implied answer to such a question, has met the difficult conditions of his problem with a very high degree of success. His book does not, indeed, add greatly to our knowledge of the facts of Garrison's life, nor does it pretend to do so. Working, as he has been obliged to work, in small compass, he has frankly based his biography upon well-known and easily available material, and has leaned hard, as all must, upon the monumental "Story" by Garrison's sons. This is not to say that he has followed his authorities slavishly, or contented himself with rephrasing time-honored and conventional opinions. There is abundant evidence that he has studied his subject carefully and intelligently, and that his conclusions, however much they may accord with those of previous workers in the same field, have not been taken second-hand from any one.

The merits of Mr. Swift's book lie, first, in the orderly and instructive setting forth of the main events of Garrison's career. Considered simply as a piece of biography, it is highly creditable workmanship. There is enough of the general history to show the connection, and enough of personal detail to show the man. If there has been in the background of his mind an ideal Garrison, there is no evidence that it is an ideal different from that which a straightforward and thoughtful narrative would be certain to reveal. Beyond these excellencies, however, fairly to be looked for in the work of a diligent student and practised writer, is the rarer quality of intelligent and sympathetic appreciation. More successful-

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ly, we think, than almost any historian who has dealt with the abolition movement, Mr. Swift has outlined in true perspective the moral foundations of Garrison's course. Perhaps slavery would have disappeared in this country, in course of time, as a result of the operation of social, political, and economic causes beyond the control of any one man; but it in fact disappeared when it did chiefly because William Lloyd Garrison and his followers stirred the conscience of the nation to the depths, and made the continuance of the institution seem a crime. Mr. Swift has not allowed the glamour of this moral revolution to distort his critical judgment. He sees clearly, and with courteous frankness exposes, the weaknesses and mistakes of Garrison and his adherents, and gives full credit to the men who reaped where Garrison had sown. But he sees with equal clearness, and sympathetically describes, the moral conquest of public opinion which it was the distinctive work of the abolition agitation to achieve. In an age which, like the present, is fond of attributing pretty much all progress either to knowledge or to organization, it is refreshing to come upon a book which, like this, tells once more the story of a social revolution whose greatest instrument was persistent moral appeal.

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*The Intellectuals:* An Experiment in Irish Club Life. By Canon Sheehan, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

"Did you ever read 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table'?" asks Doctor Holden in one of the opening pages of this book. "Of course," answers young Father Dillon.

The Autocrat is well known to Canon Sheehan, who has frankly taken him for his model in this instance. His plan is more formal than that of Dr. Holmes. His interlocutors are not assembled in the casual fashion of the breakfast-table group. The intellectuals are "a society of select people, who meet together for amusement, instruction, and edification," and call themselves with old-fashioned self-consciousness the *Sunetoi.* The founder and moderator is young Father Dillon. The other members are the aforementioned physician and his wife, a banker and bankeress (the banker being a confessed Philistine), a Dublin professor, a young English poet and an old Irish one (but one "life" away from a title), an Irish girl-graduate and a Scotch bluestocking, and one or two others. Attempt is made to give the Protestants a fair representation. The society meets at regular intervals at the houses of the members, who are all supposed to contribute to the entertainment. The enterprise is rather obsolescent than novel, or would be in New England. But the imaginary conversations which form the real substance of the book have a good deal of freshness and variety. Here Canon Sheehan has fairly struck the note of the Autocrat. His good humor, his flexibility of mood, the range of his themes, all serve to recall, with no sense of feeble imitation, those Beacon Street symposia of famous memory. Even the bits of verse are not lacking which so pleasantly punctuate the discourses of the Autocrat. Literary and moral questions have an important place in these discussions; but it is natural that the burning themes for Canon Sheehan have to do with the Ireland—the Catholic Ireland—of to-day. The striking thing is that, with this frank preoccupation, he succeeds in presenting so many different points of view, and in leaving them as points of view. He offers no panacea for the ills of old Ireland, advances no arguments (in his own person) for the confusion of Protestantism. A certain "love-interest" somewhat perfunctorily introduced might have been dispensed with: Canon Sheehan is less fortunate in his touches of romance than the Autocrat.

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*History of Taxation in Iowa.* By John E. Brindley. Iowa City: The State Historical Society of Iowa.

In these two volumes of the Iowa Economic History Series Professor Brindley has given the most careful and valuable study yet made of the tax system of an American State. Part i deals with the general property tax, and is noteworthy for the emphasis placed upon methods of administration. From 1838 to 1857 the forces of centralization and decentralization contended for the mastery, victory resting sometimes with the advocates of township assessment and sometimes with those of county assessment; while the Code of 1851 vested substantial authority in a State Board of Equalization. But from 1857 to 1873 the pendulum swung steadily toward administrative decentralization, with the result that the city and township assessors were finally left in possession of all effective power in the assessment of property. Whatever the shortcomings of the general property tax may be—and in Iowa they seem to have been as numerous and serious as elsewhere—it is evident that no system of direct taxation could have been expected to work well under the chaotic conditions attending the purely local system of administration. Professor Brindley's work would be noteworthy, if for no other reason, for his firm grasp and clear presentation of this vital fact, which is one that has been ignored almost invariably by American students of State and local taxation.

Part ii deals exhaustively with special problems in taxation, such as the taxation of banks, insurance companies, express, telegraph, and telephone companies, inheritance and poll taxes, exemptions, tax limitations, the assessment of money and credits, and the tax-ferret system. Part iii treats with equal care the subject of railway taxation. These topics are handled with great wealth of detail and frequently by the comparative method. Iowa has encountered all the difficulties, legal, political, and economic, that have attended the best efforts of other States. Particularly instructive is Professor Brindley's discussion of the taxation of railways. In 1872, as a result of a coalition between the farmers and the railways, a law was enacted by which the roads have ever since been assessed by the State, and the valuations so determined have been distributed among the counties on a mileage basis, and then taxed at the local rates like the property of individuals. The result has been that terminal values have been distributed among rural taxing districts, greatly to the detriment of the cities; and that on the terminal values thus distributed the railways have paid local taxes at the rate of $2.50 to $3 per $100, instead of city rates, which are frequently $8 or $9 per $100. Thus it comes about that to an important terminal city is allotted an assessed valuation of $31,297 for its railway property, while the adjoining township receives a valuation of $95,182.

In considering remedies for the notorious evils of the present system of taxation, Professor Brindley avoids the hasty and superficial conclusions which a decade ago found such favor among tax reformers. He shows that the proposal to effect a complete separation of the sources of State and local revenues, entirely ignores the fundamental evil of existing methods, viz., complete decentralization of assessment machinery; and that State control of local assessments is the true remedy for the conditions which the advocates of separation desire to change. He recognizes also that in most of our States it is useless to propose the exemption of personal property from all taxation, and that the present tax on personalty is not likely to be abandoned until practicable substitutes are found. Such substitutes, he thinks, may be found in business or rental taxes, and in the imposition of a uniform tax, at the rate of three or four mills on the dollar, upon intangible property. In the taxation of railways, he favors *ad valorem* assessment by the State, with a proper apportionment of local and non-local values. It is interesting to note that last spring the Iowa Legislature adopted the suggestion that a uniform tax at a moderate rate should be imposed upon intangible wealth; and also authorized the appointment of a special tax commission to investigate the entire subject of taxation and prepare further measures of reform. In this work, the

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commission cannot fail to derive the greatest assistance from Professor Brindley's exhaustive, able, and eminently judicious work.

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*Scotch Irish Pioneers in Ulster and America.* By Charles Knowles Bolton. Boston: Bacon & Brown. $2 net.

Though the Scotch-Irish constituted the second most important element composing our population at the end of the colonial period, no treatise has ever been written presenting the extent of their settlement and summing up their influence in American history. Such treatment as has been attempted hitherto is either partial and local or, if on a larger scale, is lacking in depth and thoroughness. Mr. Bolton here adds one more to the works of the former type, dealing only with the forerunners and carrying his account but little beyond the period of the great migration, 1718. His work is chiefly biographical and genealogical and is written in a fashion to attract but few readers. Nevertheless, it is based on considerable independent research, and in all that it says of the origin of the movement is deserving of appreciation and respect.

Mr. Bolton is interested in four phases of his subject: the conditions prevailing in Ulster County, Ireland, from which one or more members from nearly every family came to America; the occasional emigrants, generally ministers, who came over before 1718; the migration to New England and the scattering of the newcomers in the frontier districts of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine; and lastly the migration to the Middle and Southern colonies, chiefly to Philadelphia and Charleston. The general estimate he has given of the conditions prevailing in Ulster County is admirable and his account of the topographical features and the religious, social, and economic life constitutes a distinct departure from all previous modes of treatment. The details of the migration and later settlements are fairly well handled, though sometimes not as clearly as they ought to be. Furthermore, Mr. Bolton is manifestly more interested in New England than he is in the South, despite the fact that for every one who landed in Boston a dozen set foot in Newcastle, Philadelphia, and Charleston, and despite the further fact that in the South the Scotch-Irish exercised greater influence in governmental and religious life than they did in New England.

For the general reader, the most interesting and suggestive chapter is that on Scotch-Irish character. These people were compacted of the sternness of the Covenanter and the wit and humor of the Irish. They were softened by the century's residence in the favoring environment of Donegal, Londonderry, Tyrone, and Antrim. They cared little for culture and knowledge and were destined to play but little part in literature, art, science, business, philanthropy, and music. They did nothing to beautify themselves, their homes, or their communities. They were pioneers and State builders; their law was utility and their philosophy pragmatism. They belonged to the frontier and, in all the colonies where they settled, they eventually found their way into the back country. If they remained in the cities, they became tradesmen, chiefly tailors. In the history of America, they stand for energy, resources, and endurance. They were earnest and ambitious. Deprived of political rights in their old home, they seized eagerly the opportunities that the new world offered. They became leaders in government, debaters in assembly, and, as a rule, vigorous upholders of American independence against the rule of the mother country. They were conspicuous in adventure, defiant in revolution, and brave in war. Tenacious in their theological views, they became equally stubborn in their adherence to political dogmas, and whether it was the wilderness or the catechism or the government that opposed them, they fought with the same determination against all. The names of Stark, Knox, McClellan, Asa Gray, Greeley, and Motley of the northern family stand beside those of Rutledge, Calhoun, Jackson, and McKinley of the southern group, as witnesses to the leading part which the Scotch-Irish have played in the history of American achievement.

# Notes

Henry Holt & Co. have just contracted with Professors Trent and Erskine of Columbia for a volume on "Great Writers of America," in the Home University Library.

In October the same house will publish "Language Lessons for Intermediate Grades," as Book I in the series Progressive Studies in English, edited by Miss Alma Blount and Prof. C. S. Northup; Book II, "An Elementary English Grammar," has already appeared.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, "The Secret Garden," will be issued from the press of Stokes, August 25. The following month Stokes will bring out Robert Hichens's "The Fruitful Vine," and "Pandora's Box," by John A. Mitchell, author of "Amos Judd."

In the list of announcements of Doubleday, Page & Co. are found: "The Boss of Wind River," by A. M. Chisholm; "The Life and Letters of Moses Coit Tyler," by his daughter, Jessica Tyler Austen, and the reminiscences of Gen. Basil W. Duke.

The Titmarsh Club, to celebrate the centenary of Thackeray's birth, is holding an exhibition in Charterhouse. Manuscripts, letters, drawings, and portraits of the writer have been lent by members of Trackeray's family, Lady Ritchie and Denis Thackeray, and by Pierpont Morgan, Walter Spencer, Sir Frederick Macmillan, Mrs. G. M. Smith (widow of Thackeray's publisher), the Reform Club, and others.

With the "Biographia Literaria" of Coleridge there appeared, in 1847, a supplement which had been begun by Henry Nelson Coleridge and was finished after his death by his widow, Sara Coleridge, the poet's daughter. Henry Nelson Coleridge had intended to include in this supplement the principal letters of the poet then known, together with comments on his intellectual development, and the first part of the supplement is in fact shaped in that way. Arthur Turnbull has now carried out this design, from which Sara Coleridge departed in her section of the supplement. The result is two agreeable volumes in Bohn's Library (New York: Macmillan), published under the title of "Biographia Epistolaris." Mr. Turnbull prints the original supplement intact, but enlarges it by the insertion at the due chronological points of further letters of Coleridge with editorial comment and narration. As the new parts are marked off by square brackets, no confusion of authorship occurs, although the junction of the styles and opinions of three editors gives a curious unevenness to the work. Of the 747 letters of Coleridge which have hitherto appeared in print Mr. Turnbull includes 219, the others being omitted for copyright reasons. Altogether the two volumes present a pretty fair view of Coleridge on his lower intellectual level, with here and there a note of deep personal interest or high speculation. We cannot much commend the editor's own writing. In fact, one rather gasps at such a sentence as this from the Preface: "Coleridge, in his letters, has written his own life, for his life, after all, was a life of thought, and his finest thoughts and his most ambitious aspirations are given expression to in his letters to his numerous friends." Nor is Mr. Turnbull's judgment always more impeccable than his English. It is, for instance, a little disconcerting to find in the first volume (p. 235) Coleridge's fragmentary productiveness charged to his transcendental genius, and then in the second volume (p. 138) to find it attributed to an enlarged heart: "This physical defect was the cause of all Coleridge's inability to execute his own ambitious schemes." The Index, we must add, is deficient.

Carl Lorenz's "Tom L. Johnson" (Barnes) is a sketch of the late Mayor of Cleveland. Its one virtue is its candor. "Truth, half-truth, and untruth were sometimes matters of expediency with him," says the Introduction, and later pages declare that "Whatever he did, he did not because of a great love for his fellowmen, but because he was ambitious to stand above the common politician of the day": "The old Johnson nature that liked a straight course and went a crooked way loomed up." There is only too much justification for these expressions. Otherwise, the book is disappointing. We get a view at close range of a powerful, impetuous, strife-loving personality, with the American business man's lack of appreciation of the finer things, but the view is unsteady. The writer fails to give due space to some of the turning-points in a career which he apparently knows thoroughly; he is also irritating at times in his phrasing or his observations.

There are plenty of looks by literary

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gentlemen become laborers, but few as good as Joseph Husband's "A Year in a Coal Mine" (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Husband had the great advantage of working for a legitimate purpose, that of learning the business, without ulterior humanitarian or literary intentions. His story is compact and vivid. It describes the workmen and their toil in a soft-coal mine in Illinois. What is especially interesting to a lay reader is the sense Mr. Husband gives of that remarkable system of artificial respiration by which a coal mine is kept in being. One gets the miner's feeling for the air as a precious fluid, and a most tractable one. It is directed where the engineer will, dammed, secreted, diverted below according to the needs of imperilled workmen. Absorbing too, is the account of the fight against fire in the mine, of work effected in the poisonous reek by means of the oxygen helmet, of various ingenious attacks upon the smouldering enemy. In the end the fire won, and the mine was abandoned, but there never was a better fight than that which Mr. Husband describes. This is a most informing little book, written with the force born of knowledge and simplicity.

In "A Shepherd's Life" (Dutton) W. H. Hudson has tried to recall older conditions on Salisbury Plain. He has lived with the Wiltshire villagers, and has recorded the recollections of old men and women. In general he harks back to the days before agriculture and army manœuvres, when the horned Wiltshire sheep with the few requisite dogs and shepherds held the downs, and seeks to revive that patriarchal time with its few and chiefly physical values. An ancient shepherd, Isaac Bawcombe, is the representative of vanishing pastoralism. Mr. Hudson departs from Bawcombe upon impressionistic excursions of his own, and naturalizes at large among the birds, dogs, and foxes; but ever returns to his hero. Among the tall fellows of Isaac Bawcombe's youth was Jo the carrier. On one occasion his eight donkeys were caught trespassing in a hay meadow:

> The enraged farmer took them to the village pound and locked them up, but in the morning the donkeys and Joe with them had vanished, and the whole village wondered how he had done it. The stone wall of the pound was four feet and a half high, and the iron gate was locked, yet he had lifted the donkeys up and put them over, and had loaded them, and gone before any one was up.

Mr. Hudson, who when his theme warrants it can be tropical enough, here is persistently demure and restrained. Anybody who is able to sift the wheat from the chaff of Wordsworth's "Excursion," will like "A Shepherd's Life." Those who find such a task beyond their powers or inclination might as well be warned off once for all. Mr. Hudson has achieved a new style as puzzling in its way as the manner of certain dons. Is it highly distinguished? or is it merely dull? or is it compact of supersubtile intelligence assuming the safe disguise of an expression from which sentiment has been carefully eradicated? Here are niceties in which the gentle reader surely is as competent as your reviewer. The book is of good English make, and is pleasantly illustrated with outline vignettes by Bernard C. Gotch.

"Ancient, Curious, and Famous Wills" (Little, Brown), by Virgil M. Harris, is a dignified scrap-book of somewhat miscellaneous material. There are the texts of a number of wills, and summaries of, or statements concerning, many other wills. There is a large amount of anecdote, gossip, and comment; and a part of the book is devoted to wills figuring in literature and the drama. A statement of the plot of "The Thunderbolt" illustrates the wide extent of the author's inquiry. The testamentary efforts of Plato and of Mrs. Eddy enjoy considerable space, while the wills of James Smithson, Collis P. Huntington, and Amos R. Eno together command fewer than twenty lines. Among the "curious" wills is, rather appropriately, that of David J. Brewer, "late chief justice of the United States." In many instances the editor refers to judicial decisions, but apparently in no instance does he give a citation of the authority. The wide range of idiosyncrasies in testators is amply illustrated but there may well be some doubt as to the usefulness of the volume.

Several recent essays of Adolf Harnack, in his debate with Rudolph Sohm on the origin of the church as a legal society and the nature of ecclesiastical law, are made accessible to the English reader in a volume of the Crown Theological Library, entitled "The Constitution and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries"; they are translated by F. L. Pogson and H. D. A. Major (Putnam). Sohm's theory, as advanced in his epoch-making "Kirchenrecht" in 1892, is that the New Testament Ecclesia was not an organization of any sort, either local or general, but a spiritual fellowship; that a legal constitution is opposed to the nature of the church, and that when the notion of ecclesiastical law was introduced Christianity was transformed into Catholicism. Harnack submits this thesis to searching criticism, maintaining that Sohm is correct in his affirmations, but wrong in his denials. He discusses at length the first indications of organization in the primitive Christian communities, with their various ordinances and officers, paying special attention to the rise of the episcopate and a specific ecclesiastical priesthood. While Harnack is at pains to state his opponent's views accurately, one who would do full justice to Sohm should read the more sympathetic appreciation of Walter Lowrie in "The Church and Its Organization in Primitive Times," published a few years ago. Another recent translation from the German is the third volume of Pfleiderer's "Primitive Christianity," by W. Montgomery (Putnam). The period treated is the same, but Pfleiderer's work is a general history, dealing with literary and doctrinal questions as well as those of organization.

Prof. A. S. Mackenzie's "The Evolution of Literature" (Crowell) is, as the title suggests, a somewhat ambitious work. "Is there no possible way," asks the author, "whereby the art of the critic may be rendered a little more objective? Can literary criticism not attain to the dignity of even a semblance of science? It may if we endeavor to broaden and deepen our conception of literature. It is such a purpose that regulates the hope and the scope of the pages that follow." The professor takes the daring position that the evolution of literature is closely connected with the evolution of society, and he undertakes to display the mutually dependent developments proceeding together. Belonging to that grandiose division of minds which in former days used to write histories of the world, he does not confine himself to any one *genre* or nation, but presents a view of mankind and its literature from pole to pole and from the dawn to the dusk of consciousness. First, he considers "primitive" literature in Africa, Oceania, Asia, and America, with special reference to rhythm, dance, drama, lyric, narration; next, "barbaric" literature in Africa, Oceania, Asia, America; then, "autocratic" literature; finally, the ultimate culmination of primitive shout and barbaric yawp under the pressure of modern civilization in "democratic" literature. It cannot be said that the whole process takes place visibly before the reader's eyes. The professor skims along over "autocratic" and "democratic" literature like Camilla o'er the unbending corn; for he is bent upon the formulation of the "provisional laws" of literary evolution. These are three, and, he says, "are believed to be new." In the interest of a scientific literary criticism we reproduce them here: "I. The Law of Progress may be stated thus: *Under similar conditions the average literary advance in a given community is directly proportional to the width and depth of man's attainment of consciousness of self and of the world.* II. The Law of Initiative may be stated thus: *Every step in literary progress is initiated by individuals, whose success is measured by their own mental individuality and by the readiness of the community to receive as well as to perpetuate the new discovery in form or content.* III. The Law of Responsiveness may be stated thus: *Other conditions being equal, literary form and content vary directly with the orientation of mental responsiveness in a given community.*" Professor MacKenzie, thinking these laws "may be more luminous to some readers" in the shape of formulas, expresses them also thus:

$$A=S+W$$
$$P=I+C$$
$$L=R\pm O$$

For the meaning of the symbols we refer the reader to page 415. With a Newtonian underpinning of this character, we do not think that literary criticism need longer be complained of as without "even a semblance of science."

The Colonial Society of Massachusetts continues its output of substantial publications in the issue of the twelfth volume of its Transactions, covering the year 1908-1909. It announces the early appearance of two more volumes, one nearing completion and the other largely in type. The activities of this distinguished society stand in striking contrast to the apathy of some of our local historical associations. Inevitably, in the search for local data, such a society tends to magnify local history and to serve up much that is rather antiquarian than historical, but, in the main, the standard of its papers is high. The present volume may almost be characterized as a Harvard number, since no less than six articles relate directly or indirectly to the history of that institution, and, in addition, an account is given of the inauguration of President Lowell. Andrew McFarland Davis's contribution on John Harvard, and his supplemental paper on "Hints of Contemporary Life in the Writings of Thomas Shepard," are delightful. In the latter instance Mr. Davis might have gained a hint or two

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from Shepard's letter to Hugh Peter of December 27, 1645, conspicuously printed not many years ago. Scarcely less valuable are Horace Everett Ware's papers on "Winthrop's Course Across the Atlantic" and "A Forgotten Prime Meridian," the second of which, as distinctly mathematical rather than historical, may be in honor of the late Simon Newcomb, whose picture forms the frontispiece to the volume. On the other hand, Simeon E. Baldwin's paper on Springfield seems to be but a rethreshing of old straw, while the articles of John Taggart Blodgett on "The Mayflower Compact" and Merton Dexter on "Plymouth and Jamestown" are on a lower plane of originality and scholarship. One item is certain to puzzle the historian. On page 190 we learn that James B. Ayer "read some notes, covering the period from 1764 to 1785, concerning Harvard College, taken during a recent visit to London from the records of the New England Company." What "New England Company" was in existence at that time? It is a matter of regret that the notes thus read were not printed in full, that their source might be identified.

Students of ballot and election laws will welcome the monograph of Arthur C. Ladington on "American Ballot Laws, 1889-1910," published as a bulletin of the State Department of Education (No. 488). The monograph contains an historical survey of ballot-law legislation for the past twenty years, together with a comparative tabular digest of ballot laws of the forty-six States and the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico in force last November. It is divided into several parts, as follows: (1.) A chronological survey (1888-1910) of every law enacted and every constitutional amendment proposed by the Legislature. (2.) A classification and summary presenting in tabular arrangement the principal changes in the form of ballot in the several States since 1888. (3.) A summary for each State, under various heads, of the principal features of their ballot laws as they stood on November 8, 1910. The subdivisions cover constitutional provisions, type of ballot, the arrangement of names on the ballot, methods of voting "split" and "straight" tickets, methods of placing names on the ballots, and details of the provisions for voting and counting the ballots.

A "Latin Grammar," by H. E. Burton of Dartmouth College (Silver, Burdett & Co.), is an intelligent attempt to set forth the essential facts of the Latin language for the use of intelligent students. The details necessary for graduate study are omitted, but everything of value for school or college teaching is included. In arrangement the book differs greatly from current grammars. The customary chapter on Formation of Words has been broken up, and the formation of nouns is treated at the beginning of the chapter on noun inflection, the formation of verbs at the beginning of the chapter on verbs. While much may be said for this innovation, it tends to distract the attention of the younger student from the vital matter of paradigm study. In the arrangement of the syntax Professor Burton contents himself with plain statements of fact. If he has theories as to the development of constructions from earlier types, he shows little indication of them in his presentation. While he adopts Professor Hale's volitive subjunctive, he retains the potential subjunctive in spite of Professor Elmer. On the other hand, he does not make of syntax a lexical treatment of particles as did Lane, nor does he arrange his topics according to the elements in a developed sentence as did Gildersleeve. The case syntax follows the order of the cases, the verb syntax the order of the moods. In general the author is chary of coining new terms or including new categories. But the useless ablative of the road finds place, and the ablative of extent of time has the dignity of a separate heading. The treatment of the syntax is fresh, straightforward, and clear; no subtleties of expression or vagaries of interpretation disturb the comprehension. Least successful is the author in handling the dative case, where he shows himself a modified localist, while in regard to the other cases he leans to the grammatical theory. The treatment of conditional sentences is particularly good, while in the matter of temporal sentences he shows weakness, especially in *cum* with the indicative, and *antequam* and *priusquam*. In the introductory chapter on Sounds, we find the latest results as to vowel length, though the author is conservative as to word-division and accentuation. Very few errors are to be found. In the paradigm of the verb we meet with the incorrect form *amatus esse*, although correct examples are given in the syntax § 948, and a glance at Priscian would have saved him from the blunder. The parts of speech are nowhere defined, and so the doubtful distinction between noun and substantive is avoided; but in the syntax, we have a whole chapter devoted to Substantive Clauses, without any definition of the word substantive. The translations of the examples are good, but lack the distinction of the translations of Gildersleeve or Lane. But, speaking generally, the grammar is an extremely capable and satisfactory work and deserves cordial recognition, while the typography is excellent and adds greatly to the good impression which the book produces.

Edward Dicey, the English author and journalist, is dead at the age of seventy-nine. He took honors at Cambridge in both the mathematical and classical tripos; was called to the bar in 1875, and during his career as a barrister spent much of his leisure in literary work. For a short time he was editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, and from 1870 to 1889 of the *Observer*, in which he strongly urged the annexation of Egypt by the English. Mr. Dicey was the author of "Rome in 1860," "Cavour, a Memoir," "Six Months in the Federal States," "The Schleswig-Holstein War," "Battlefields of 1866," "A Month in Russia During the Marriage of the Czarewitch," "The Morning Land," "England and Egypt," "Victor Emmanuel," "Bulgaria, the Peasant State," "The Story of the Khedivate," and "The Egypt of the Future."

The death is reported from London of Samuel Henry Jeyes, a journalist, and author of translations from Juvenal and of volumes on the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Rosebery.

Ulric de Fonvielle, who died recently at the age of seventy-eight, was a man of varied activities. He began as a painter, but soon turned to journalism. He took part in our own civil war, and fought in Italy on the side of Garibaldi. He accompanied Victor Noir to the interview with Prince Pierre Bonaparte when Noir was shot. He was in the Franco-Prussian war, and though condemned to death by the Commune, obtained refuge at the house of Sardou. Later he returned to journalism and painting. He was the author of "Souvenirs d'une chemise rouge," published in 1861.

Prof. Otto Gilbert, director of the university library of Halle, who is dead at the age of seventy-one, had written a number of books on classical subjects, among them: "Rom und Karthago," "Griechische Götterlehre," and "Die meteorologischen Theorien des griechischen Altertums."

# Science

## BURBANK'S IMPROVED FRUITS.

A picture of John Burroughs sampling the "Patagonia" strawberry in its originator's garden at Santa Rosa, Cal., is in Luther Burbank's latest bulletin. In this berry Mr. Burroughs discovered "a wonderful pineapple flavor" and pronounced it the most delicious strawberry he had ever tasted. It is said to be an exceptionally good keeper, and can be freely eaten by those with whom the common acid strawberries disagree. It is the result of a full quarter of a century's patient experiments on the part of the most ingenious and successful of all hybridizers. For twenty years Mr. Burbank had, as he frankly admits, tried in vain to improve on the finest berries in the market. Knowing that all our best strawberries have descended wholly or in part from one of the Chilian varieties, he got one of his collectors in Chili, five years ago, to send him seeds of wild strawberries from the Cordillera and from the Coast regions. Among the plants which grew from these seeds he found some that promised to be of great value when crossed with the best American and European strains. With his usual Edisonian patience, he experimented until "among the very numerous seedlings under test was found this unique berry, which was at once recognized as the grand prize."

In this little genealogical tale we have an excellent illustration of that "judgment as to what will likely be good and what bad" which, in the words of Professor Bailey, is "the very core of plant-breeding," and in which "Burbank excels." His bulletins give many similar instances; and in view of the fact that his rivals and others belittle his labors, it is proper that he should plead his own cause. His bulletins call attention to some of the results of his methods as compared with those of other plant-breeders. Here, for instance, is a fact for his detractors: "Nearly 95 per cent. of the new plums introduced since 1890, now catalogued as standards, originated on my own farms, although near-

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ly four times as many new varieties have been introduced by other dealers. Most of the introductions of others are not now generally even listed." The Burbank plum, which was introduced less than twenty years ago, is now perhaps more widely known than any other plum, the world over; but, he says, "hundreds of better plums have since been produced on my experiment farms." The Burbank potato is now the universal standard in the Pacific Coast States, and is gradually taking the lead in the Middle West. The new Burbank cherry is sold at high prices in Eastern markets. Altogether, there are already above a hundred valuable new plants, fruits, and flowers, "every one of which has proved better than those known before in some new quality, in some soils and climates. All do not thrive everywhere. Please name one good fruit or nut that does."

The last two sentences are directed at those of Burbank's critics who triumphantly point to cases of failure of his new products in this or that locality. Judgment has to be used; "certain varieties which are a success in one locality may be, and often are, a complete failure a few miles distant, or near by on a different soil or at a different elevation." The Burbank Crimson Winter Rhubarb has been offered by unprincipled dealers in the cold Northern States, though they must know that it cannot prove successful there. For this new type Mr. Burbank makes the claim that it is the most valuable vegetable introduced during the last quarter of a century. So many fortunes have been made with it in California and Florida that it has been named "The Mortgage Lifter." The chief forester of the Government of South Africa reports that at Cape Town, where all other rhubarbs had been a failure for two centuries, the Burbank Crimson Winter variety turned out a complete success. Yet Mr. Burbank now has a still further improved variety, the Giant, which excels the original Crimson Winter Rhubarb "at least 400 per cent."

"It is amazing what opposition one has in experimenting, and the ignorance there is to contend with," writes an English appreciator of this American's remarkable horticultural achievements. Yet Luther Burbank declares that the greatest inconvenience or injustice he has met is not misunderstanding, prejudice, envy, jealousy, or ingratitude, but the fact that purchasers are so often deceived by unscrupulous dealers who, misusing his name, foist upon the public green carnations, hardy bananas, blue roses, seedless watermelons, and a thousand other things, including United States Government thorny cactus for the Burbank Thornless. On this point Mr. Burbank writes with feeling. Fourteen years ago the first scientific experiments for the improvement of cactus plants were instituted on his farms. Eight years later, when the long and costly labor was crowned with success, the United States Department of Agriculture spent $10,000 in searching the world for a cactus of great agricultural and horticultural value like those already produced on his farm, but the result was a failure; the "spineless cactus" sent out by the Department of Agriculture is not spineless, not safe to handle or feed to stock, and the fruit is small and poor.

Nine years ago Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell wrote of Mr. Burbank: "He secures his livelihood from the new varieties he sells to seedsmen and nurserymen, but his experiments are so extensive and he tries so many things for the mere zest of it, that he does not make money"; and he suggested that some philanthropist could "render a good service to mankind if he would endow this experimental garden and allow its proprietor to devote his whole energy to research." A few years later the Carnegie Institute undertook that service, but the alliance did not last long. Mr. Burbank now writes that "after having been under 'capture' for the avowed purpose of 'the benefit of science' for five years by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, five years of care, leanness, hampering restrictions, and unprofitable conditions, and having dictated to and corrected for their botanists several thousand pages, it is a most gracious relief to return to a life free from the red tape of institutional restrictions, to a life of active freedom." At present, he adds, he has reorganized his whole business and promises to give to the world more good fruits and flowers from time to time. This he will doubtless do.

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Acting as agents of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce: "Aerial Locomotion," by E. H. Harper and Allan Ferguson, with introduction by G. H. Bryan, and "Ticks—A Monograph of the Ixodoidea," part ii, by George H. F. Nuttall.

Longmans, Green & Co. have in the press for early publication "Monographs on Topics of Modern Mathematics," edited by J. W. A. Young; "Big-Game Shooting in Upper Burma," by Major G. P. Evans, Indian Army, and "The Monkey Folk of South Africa," by F. W. Fitzsimons.

Prof. William Magie's "Principles of Physics," and "A Laboratory Outline of Organic Chemistry," by Prof. Lauder William Jones, are in the hands of the Century Co.

Alfred Rehder and Charles Sprague Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum are issuing through the Riverside Press, Cambridge, "The Bradley Bibliography," five volumes, in an edition limited to five hundred copies. It is advertised as "a guide to the literature of woody plants, including books and articles in the proceedings of learned societies, and in scientific and popular journals, published in all languages to the end of the nineteenth century."

Gardeners, professional as well as amateur, who did not procure Allen French's "The Book of Vegetables" when it first appeared, four years ago, will do well to do so now under the new title of "How to Grow Vegetables" (Macmillan). No other book quite takes its place as a practical guide. At a glance one can refresh one's memory by reading the instructions therein given for the planting or culture of any vegetable, from asparagus to zit-kwa, just before starting for the garden. The yield of a garden can be doubled by following the directions here given regarding seed and soil, fertilizers, pests, and diseases. The author is skeptical as to his ability to teach the American farmer to add variety to his very limited list of poorly-grown garden truck; he appeals more to vegetable gardeners who do their work for the fun as well as the profit of it. The best vegetables in our country are, in his opinion, grown in the thousands of small home gardens that surround our cities. But the owners of these gardens also are still somewhat limited by national habit and local knowledge; they need to know something about such European delicacies as the globe artichoke, celeriac, cardoon, sea-kale, chard, endive, and Mr. French supplies the necessary information. He errs in saying that of the two varieties of endive the curled is more tender than the broad-leaved, for surely the tenderest, crispest of all salads is the escarolle, which has been making its way into our markets within the last five or six years. He is also hardly fair to the seedsmen in quoting some "wise man" who said, with reference to the novelties offered every year, that the value of a variety is inversely as the space given to it in the dealer's catalogue. That was true years ago; but at the present time the best seedsmen have trial grounds in which they carefully test new varieties before recommending them to their customers.

The second of the handy little volumes of the "History of Chemistry" (Putnam), by Sir Edward Thorpe, has another value than that implied by its name. Since it covers the period from 1850 to 1910, during which discovery has been most rapid and the modern theories of chemistry have been built up, it affords a rare opportunity for one who has not studied chemistry for some years to catch up with the progress of the science. Here, for instance, is the story of the radio-active elements told very clearly and definitely in eight small pages, with a portrait of Marie Sklodowska Curie thrown in. Last December, when Professor Van 't Hoff received the Nobel prize, and again when, three months later, he died, the newspaper reader was doubtless mildly stirred up by curiosity as to who he was and what he had done to make him famous. Here, in twelve pages, is an explanation of Van 't Hoff's hypothesis of stereo-isomerism and its importance as a guide to research. In the chapter on physical chemistry we see the face of Svante Arrhenius of Stockholm, now lecturing at Yale.

A rather comprehensive treatment of stresses in stationary structures by graphical methods has been undertaken by William L. Cathcart and J. I. Chaffee in a text called "Elements of Graphical Statics" (Van Nostrand). The authors state that, as

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most books on the subject are designed for civil engineers, they have prepared the present work for students of mechanical and marine engineering. With the exception of chapters on friction and shafting, there is not much to differentiate it from other texts. However that may be, the book is satisfactory in its scope. With respect to the action of wind pressure on roofs, attention should be called to the work of Professor Nipher, which seems to have been overlooked.

"Three-Phase Transmission" (Van Nostrand), by W. Brew, discusses the practical problems of installing and maintaining this method of electrical transmission. No attempt is made to give the theory of these currents; it is rather the notes taken from the experience of the writer, who was the chief expert-assistant of the Dublin Corporation Electricity Supply.

The death is reported from London of G. Johnstone Stoney, the Irish scientist, who was born in 1826. He was assistant in astronomy to the late Earl of Rosse in 1848, professor of natural philosophy in Queen's University, Ireland, and secretary of this institution from 1857 until its dissolution in 1882. He was foreign member of the New York Academy of Sciences and of the American Philosophical Society. He wrote "Memoirs on the Physical Constitution of the Sun and the Stars," on the atmospheres of planets and satellites, on the internal motions of gases, on telescopic and microscopic vision, etc.

# Drama and Music

## ANOTHER STAGE EXPERIMENT.

For its first experiment, the Chicago Theatre Society, which was recently organized under the presidency of Hamlin Garland, announces a season of "joyous" drama. The phrase is a happy one, possibly even more so than the user of it was aware. For to Mr. Garland the principal function of the "joyous" drama would be to wean the American people away from the puerilities of the musical "show." But the comedy of character and manners can do something more than to supply a substitute for "The Prince and the Pippin." It can be made the instrument for educating public taste and the public's judgment to the highest forms of the drama. Reformers of the theatre too often make the mistake of leaping from the musical-comedy level to the Ibsen level, and thus supply an opening for scornful girding at the "highbrows." What reformers too often fail to perceive is that there can be truth and art in the lightest of comedies; and that truth in art is what the American theatre needs most. As a people we dislike, on the stage, what is truthful and what is disagreeable. When you give us Ibsen, you give us both. What the Chicago experiment seems to be on the point of doing is to omit the disagreeable treatment for the present. It is a counsel of wisdom.

It will be more difficult to draw up a répertoire of "joyous" drama than it is to talk about one. In the list of plays already announced for production we find several that do not quite bubble with the joy of life. It is hard to think of Becque's "Les Corbeaux" as jocund, or Brieux's "Robe rouge," or Synge, or even Moody's "Faith Healer." On the other hand, there is partial reassurance in Augustus Thomas, Pinero (if he be taken in his lighter moods), Shaw (if he be taken in his more responsible moods), Yeats, and Barker. The managers of the Chicago enterprise would do well to draw on Augustus Thomas rather than on Pinero as qualified above, on Pinero rather than on Shaw, on Shaw rather than on Barker, according to a scale which it should not be impossible to determine. This is said with full consciousness of the fact that our sequence of names is probably in inverse order to the men's standing as serious dramatists and critics of life. But it is precisely because we are afraid of the richer fare that we give Augustus Thomas the preference over Pinero and Shaw. In Thomas you will find enough of the common faults of our stage to attract the crowd, and enough of truth and art to whet the appetite for solider fare. So many attempts at educating the public have failed through neglect of the fundamental quality in education—patience.

Our greatest need for the present is not to be educated in the subtleties of the human soul and human conduct, but to be rescued from the posturings and the melodramatics that travesty the broadest facts of human conduct. Of what use is it that our more ambitious playwrights go in for photographic realism, if, in the midst of it all, we are suddenly to be projected into the atmosphere of Robert W. Chambers and George Barr McCutcheon? Of what use is the most painstaking reproduction of an East Side street scene, if you people that scene with men and women whose psychology is of a kind associated with Mr. James Montgomery Flagg? It should be a punishable crime for dramatic critics to write, as so many of them so often do, that "in spite of excessive recourse to the long arm of coincidence, the play has the merit" of this, that, and the other thing to a degree sufficient to justify the manager in taking your money. It is the over-oiled arm of coincidence that typifies the vice of our drama. From seeing people happen to be in places where they have no right to be, and turn out to be what they have no right to be, one gets easily accustomed to seeing them perform unnatural heroics, take unnatural postures, and exhibit unnatural virtues and vices. Many plays succeed because they are "dainty," "sweet," and "clean." No one would grudge them their success if to these qualities they added a touch of truth and life. But too often the "charming" play is as false in its mechanism as the would-be realistic play. Our serious plays suffer from an excess of melodrama. Most of our light plays suffer from an excess of what we think is "life" but is not.

Here, then, is the chance for the "joyous" drama. If it can only free us from the belief that when we enter a theatre we have left the probabilities of life and character behind, it will have done the work that lies closest to its hand. There is no insistence here on the intellectual drama, nor even on the drama that settles the same questions of the day that the newspapers settle every day. The captains of industry and stock-exchange villains and honest young district attorneys who have latterly invaded the stage illustrate admirably that debasement of standards which we have described as melodramatics. Multi-millionaires and Trusts and private secretaries and stenographers are undeniably real things, and the audience consequently takes it for granted that the play must be a realistic play. But if the captain of industry displays the intelligence of a rabbit, if the good young business man reveals the virtues of an Ivanhoe, and the heroine who frustrates the captain of industry reveals chiefly a fascinating smile and a touch of hysterics—it is from that species of the "drama of life" that the "joyous" drama can deliver us. Give us comedy of the lightest, if you will, but a comedy of human beings and not of lay-figures.

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Miss Charlotte Porter, now sole editor of the Folio Shakespeare (Crowell) has added the two parts of "Henry the Fourth," in two volumes. Of the convenience, accuracy, and comprehensiveness of this edition we need not again speak. In the Introduction to the second part Miss Porter takes strong exception to the recent attempt of Alfred W. Pollard to show that the manuscript of the play was "obtained from the chamberlain's men with their full authority," and that the Quarto edition of 1600 is, therefore, the authentic text. Without going into the details of the discussion, we can at least agree with Miss Porter that the best method of presenting the play in its antique form is to reproduce the Folio text exactly, while giving the various Quarto readings in footnotes.

"Brought Home," a four-act drama of American life, dealing with the subject of local option in the Middle West, and written by Henry M. Blossom, jr., has been accepted by Cohan and Harris, and will be produced in the early autumn.

Franklin Fyles, for many years the dramatic editor and critic of the New York *Sun*, died last week in his sixty-fourth year. He wrote one book on the stage, called "The Theatre and Its People," several collections of short stories, and a number of plays, the best known being "The Girl I Left Behind Me," in collaboration with David Belasco. Two other pieces also had profitable runs,

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"The Governor of Kentucky" and "Cumberland '61."

Mowbray Morris, who died recently at the age of sixty-three, is best remembered as a dramatic critic, a position which he held for several years on the London *Times*. He published a volume called "Essays in Theatrical Criticism."

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Hawthorne's best story has again been set to music, this time by Charles F. Carlson, dean of the University of Denver College of Music, under the title of "Hester, or The Scarlet Letter." It is soon to be published. A second opera by the same composer is entitled "Phelias." Andreas Dippel has seen it and has promised to "keep it in mind for the near future for production." Mr. Carlson's third opera is to be on a subject by Longfellow. Of this the first act was finished last month.

August Spanuth estimates that ambitious musicians spent over a quarter of a million dollars last season for the privilege of giving concerts in Berlin. He regrets that it is not possible to print the total earnings side by side with the total losses, to scare off the ever-swelling throngs of aspirants to fame.

Parisians paid only $102,000 last season for the Colonne, Lamoureux, and Conservatoire concerts, those being the three leading orchestral associations in their city. The Grand Opéra took in $618,500, the Opéra-Comique $535,000. These figures are absolutely trustworthy, being verified by the poor-law authorities, whose inspectors audit all amusement accounts, appropriating 10 per cent. of the gross receipts.

Lillian Nordica begins a Canadian concert tour on September 26.

Waldon Fawcett remarks that many of the best of the Indian songs have been composed by the women. Why cannot the same be said about white women and music? If Mr. Fawcett is not mistaken, the question would make an interesting subject of anthropological and psychological discussion.

For the first time in years Italy's leading opera house, the Scala of Milan, closed with a surplus instead of the usual large deficit. The principal operas performed were "Siegfried," "Simone Boccanegra," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Rose Cavalier." It is surprising that the Italians, who never cared for the melodious Mozart, are always among the first to produce the latest opera of the anti-melodious Johann Strauss.

Wassily Safonoff ended his season by conducting a concert in Turin, and then left for his summer home in the Caucasus, via Constantinople, Odessa, and the Black Sea. He calculates that he has been heard during the past season by audiences aggregating 75,000 hearers. His next season is already booked up to March. It opens in October at Copenhagen, and includes twenty-four concerts in Scandinavia, St. Petersburg, Kief, Warsaw, London, and Rome. He will also play the piano part in eight chamber-music concerts of Beethoven's 'cello and piano sonatas, for which he will prepare himself during his ten weeks' vacation in the Caucasian mountains.

When Josef Stransky takes up the leadership of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra next autumn, he will produce for the first time in America a new symphony by Anton Dvorák—a posthumous work. A close friendship is said to have existed for several years between Dvorák and the Bohemian conductor, in whose career he took a special interest, and when several manuscripts were discovered the executors of the Dvorák estate turned them over to Stransky for editing. These compositions, now being published in Germany, include two symphonies, two overtures ("Dramatic" and "Tragic"), an orchestral rhapsody, as well as a quartet in A major for strings, and a quintet.

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# Art

"The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain: Its History and Development from the Eighteenth Century to the Present Day," by A. Hayden, is to be issued by Fisher Unwin.

The Danish court painter, Prof. L. Tuxen, who was commissioned to paint pictures of the Diamond Jubilee and the coronation of 1902, has once again been engaged.

The Prix du Salon has this year been awarded to Lucien Jonas for two pictures at the Salon des Artistes Français: the portrait of Henri Harpignies and Les Médecins: la Consultation.

According to the London *Athenæum* Rembrandt's house at Amsterdam in the Jodenbreêstraat, which was sold, with all its art treasures, in 1656, when the artist was declared bankrupt, is to be restored. The official inventory of that year fortunately survives, giving exact information as to the disposition of the rooms. The exterior of the house remains much as it was of old.

Interesting discoveries have been made in Rome, under the Church of St. Crisogono, in the Trastevere district, where excavations have for some time been carried on under the direction of Professor Marucchi, the Christian archæologist. The church is said to have been founded by Pope Sylvester, in the fourth century, but was rebuilt first in 731, and later in the seventeenth century. The excavations brought to light some time ago a primitive basilica, with remains of the subterranean "confession" of the church, containing the altar, under which the martyrs were buried. It has now been discovered that the church, like so many early Christian places of worship, was included in an ancient Roman house, which was adapted for ecclesiastical uses, and decorated with paintings, including portraits of various Popes, belonging probably to the eighth or ninth century A. D. There was also found, next to the apse, a large hall, dating apparently from the twelfth century, the walls of which were painted with floral decorations, portraits, and heraldic designs. Two large sarcophagi were also unearthed, one plain, the other richly carved with a representation of the Good Shepherd in the style of the fifth century.

In "The Materials of the Painter's Craft" (Lippincott) Dr. A. P. Laurie carries the story of pigments and vehicles from the earliest times to the beginning of the eighteenth century. What he has to say about mural painting in classical times is repeated in the main from his recent book on that subject and will be provocative of discussion. That the Romans knew how to paint on the damp plaster is certain; in fact, so obvious an expedient is never likely to have been wholly ignored, but that the Pompeian and Roman wall paintings are in any exact sense frescoes has yet to be proved. Dr. Laurie imagines a gradual process extending over several days, the wall meanwhile being kept sufficiently moist through the thickness of the various layers of superimposed wet plaster. Experiment has proved this method practicable, and it seems worth the attention of decorators, but the methods of the Pompeian painters hardly bear this explanation. It appears that the general tone of the wall was painted in fresco, but this surface seems to have been polished subsequently with wax. Upon this ground the figure painting is usually executed, often with heavy impasts. Such a condition of things is hardly compatible with fresco even in Dr. Laurie's very broad use of the term. No painter, we feel, will doubt that the actual figure subjects in the Pompeian villas were done on a dry wall with a viscous medium, in some form of tempera or encaustic. The literary evidence on the subject, especially that of Vitruvius, is ambiguous, because we can never be sure whether artists' methods or decorators' are being described. The whole matter, in short, remains conjectural, and the secrets of the ancients are still inviolate in spite of much more or less ingenious speculation.

In discussing mediæval painting Dr. Laurie traverses anew the ground so ably covered by Eastlake, with whom he differs chiefly in regard to the legendary vehicle of the Van Eycks. The amber varnish, of which Eastlake made so much, Dr. Laurie regards as mythical. It is, in the first place, a poor vehicle, next difficult to obtain, and finally amber is and was readily confused with other hard resins. For the preservation of colors Dr. Laurie has found certain balsams, especially Venice turpentine, remarkably efficacious. He has no doubt, for example, that the extraordinary greens of the early Flemish masters can have been preserved only by some such medium. To Eastlake's view that the Van Eycks used mainly oil, subsequently adding a little varnish, sharp exception is taken. Such a procedure would never yield a homogeneous and durable pigment. Berger's view that the Van Eycks used an emulsion of egg with fatted oil or balsam is borne out by Dr. Laurie's experiments. By using Canada balsam emulsified with egg he has repeated the characteristic colors of the Van Eycks, and the colors have stood drastic tests for permanency. The recipe for a picture to last five hundred years may be of interest. It is to prime a panel—all canvases make for mutability—with glue and gypsum, after Cennino Cennini's method, then paint with colors ground in a mixture of two parts of linseed oil to one of copal varnish, overlaying the paint as little as possible and always proceeding from light to dark. It is obvious, as Dr. Laurie admits, that modern artists would hardly use so heavy a vehicle or bind themselves to so orderly a technique. Only the Pre-Raphaelites have taken such pains. Still this book should prove suggestive to painters, to the few at least who respect their craft. A kind of instinct has kept some scanty remnant of fine craftsmanship alive among us, but many of the most imaginative paintings of recent times have vir-

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tually perished within the life of their creators. This book is well illustrated. The plates, of which several are colored, include microscopic enlargements of "crackle." We hope Dr. Laurie will continue his researches to the present day.

# Finance

## AUTUMN CROPS.

The financial outlook is always clouded at this period. The nation is tossed between hope and fear with reference to the crops, and usually the money market has a somewhat dubious cast. Last year both the crops and the money market were the occasion of no small amount of apprehension, particularly the latter. Yet as a whole our harvests were abundant, and money proved to be in sufficient supply. Seldom if ever has a bad situation been rectified so quickly as in the summer of 1910. Disaster was averted, but general industry was left with impaired stamina. Hope was virtually abandoned that the autumn and winter of 1910 would witness a return to bustling activity: we should have to look to the autumn of 1911 for a rehabilitation of industry.

Yet the outlook is by no means clear to-day. Certain contingencies that worried us last July have failed to present themselves this year, but others that were then quite generally overlooked have come into view. The puzzling question with most persons is now to find the determining factor in the situation confronting us. That, however, is not an easy task. The only thing [illegible] certain at this time is that the money situation is better than [illegible], 1910. Still, the easy rates that prevailed for so many months failed to stimulate industry. There is a comfortable belief that the general interests of the country may be adversely affected in the coming winter by a money stringency. There is no general confidence that a sufficiency of money at [illegible] will greatly increase the activities of mine and shop.

This summer [illegible] appears to have outdone itself in connection with the crops. Predictions of record harvests have been capped by predictions of extraordinary damage. At the moment it would be futile to generalize from what purports to be the crop news, other than to say that it is quite possible that we shall need something more than even record harvests to impart vigor to the financial and industrial situation. Ordinarily a large agricultural yield coming [illegible] easy money would mean extensive trading in general commodities and securities. But it is now commonly believed that other aids will be necessary this year.

The present ease of money has a significance which is too frequently overlooked. Money is easy because it cannot be employed as freely as it was so long as commodities and labor remain at their present quotations. The whole people are down closer to the necessaries of life than they have been for many a year, closer possibly than at any time since 1896. Bank reserves have been high enough in recent months to admit of a much larger production of commodities than has taken place, but the task has been to find a market for enlarged production. It is no longer stoutly contended, as was the case a few months ago, that only greater confidence is required. It is not a question of confidence at all, but of purchasing power. The absence of that quality is what has made the present situation.

Merchants and manufacturers have pretty generally recognized that fact, and, what is equally important, the banks also have recognized it. Producers and middlemen cannot at this time give free rein to their misguided judgment; should they be so disposed, they would quickly find themselves curbed by their banks, which for months past have deliberately refused to lend their influence to further enlargement of over-production. It may be said of producers generally that they have not lacked courage in the past twelvemonth. They have, in many instances, knowingly produced more than they could sell, their raw material and labor costing them more than the price they could expect to get when the finished product was offered for consumption. Their hope has been that eventually prices would work up to their level, but this hope has met with disappointment. It has been difficult to effect a rise in retail prices. "Bargains" have sold freely enough in the department stores, but the great public have refused to pay for such things as shoes and textiles prices commensurate with those for raw hides and cotton and wool.

The chasm between consumer and producer has been widening rather than narrowing, and it is not at all clear that big harvests this year, assuming that there are big harvests, will change this tendency. Big harvests, of course, are always a blessing, but the blessing may conceivably be of a negative character—preventing a worse embarrassment than the present.

Here it is proper to mention one of the most important contingencies now confronting us. The past year has seen a great liquidation of securities, and a very considerable liquidation of certain commodities. But there has been no pronounced liquidation of labor. Labor is, if anything, a little higher rather than a little lower. There has, needless to say, been a curtailment in the use of labor. This curtailment was rendered necessary by the exigencies of the situation: manufacturers, for example, could not pay labor its unit price and buy so many units as formerly. This connotes several very important facts. If this policy is continued much longer the working classes will be at the end of the resources which they have accumulated in the past to tide them over such periods as the present, in which event poor harvests this autumn would be truly calamitous.

To have everybody at work at wages which insure the necessaries and many of the comforts of life, is the remedy for the present situation. But everybody has not been at work of late months, and many that have been have not been employed at anything like full time. It begins to look as if it might be impossible to achieve full employment except by a reduction in the price of labor. The contingency is not altogether pleasant. The wonder to many is that labor has so long been successful in preventing a reduction; this, however, is explained by the fact that, owing to the industrial prosperity of the past decade, the average workman was able to increase his accumulations for a rainy day, the presumption being that the treasuries of the labor organizations were also strengthened. Still, the mass of mankind are never any too far from want, and the last year must have imposed a heavy strain on them.

It may perhaps be rash to postulate liquidation of labor as a *sine qua non*, but it is certainly a fact that there is at present a strong tendency so to do. And there is also growing up a feeling that liquidation must ensue in real estate also. A year ago there was a great deal of talk about inflation in Western farm values; to-day the talk is chiefly of city real estate. All along the line of production and distribution charges have been rising, until the final consumer, who in every case pays the bill, is fairly staggering under his load.

Such a presentation of the facts of the situation might have been deemed academic two years ago. To-day, however, we are delving into the fundamentals to find a way out of our protracted industrial depression; and one of our discoveries is that we have created an industrial plant too large, and, more particularly, too expensive in opera-


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tion, for the purchasing power of the nation. The process of readjusting the cost of real estate, of labor, and of raw materials to the pocketbooks of final consumers has yet to be undertaken. While at the moment there is no good reason for predicting a change for the worse in the financial situation, it is hard to discover ground for any real improvement short of such liquidation as has been instanced above.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aeschylus. Agamemnon. Greek text with English verse translation. Frowde.
Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Annals. Vol. LXVIII. Part ii. Cambridge.
Baum, L. F. The Daring Twins: a Story for Young Folk. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1 net.
Bell, C. W. The Good Old Days. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
Black and White (Anonymous). Philadelphia: Literary Bureau.
Blackwood, A. The Human Chord. Macmillan. $1.50.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by J. H. Gardiner. Holt.
Burns. Poems Published in 1786. Frowde.
Carden, R. W. The Life of Giorgio Vasari. Holt.
Cicero. Somnium Scipionis. Frowde.
Coleman, C. B. Church History in the Modern Sunday School. St. Louis: Christian Board of Publication.
Cory, H. E. The Critics of Edmund Spenser. Berkeley: University Press.
Crawford, J. R. Lovely Peggy: A Play in Three Acts. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press. $1.25.
Dean, J. T. Visions and Revelations. Scribner.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Edited by W. L. Cross. Holt.
Drinkwater, J. Poems of Men and Hours. London: David Nutt.
Eliot's Silas Marner. Edited by E. E. Garrigues. Holt.
Firth, F. J. The Holy Gospel, Protestant and Roman Catholic Versions Compared. Revell. $1.
Forbes, N. Polish Literature: a Lecture. Frowde.
Fortescue, J. W. British Statesmen of the Great War, 1793-1814. (Ford lectures for 1911.) Frowde.
Fulda's Der Talisman. Edited, with notes, by O. Manthey-Zorn. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Furniss, R. M. Shadow Fairies and Others. Hermann Lechner.
Gore, C. The Question of Divorce. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Vol. XV, Publications of the Year 1910. Toronto: University Press.
Howard, C. What Happened at Olenberg. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1 net.
Irving, W. Astoria. (Astor Prose Series.) Crowell.
Jones, H. S. Classical Rome. (Grant Allen's Historical Guides.) Holt.
Kennedy, R. The Principles of Aeroplane Construction. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Lamberton, C. D. Themes from St. John's Gospel in Early Roman Catacomb Painting: a Thesis. Princeton University Press.
McLaughlin, A. C., and Van Tyne, C. H. A History of the United States for Schools. Appleton.
Macphail, S. R. Colossians. With introduction and notes. Scribner.
Merrill, W. A. Studies in the Text of Lucretius. Berkeley: University Press.
Murray, M. Francis Bacon, a Drama. Spokane, Wash.: Albert F. Grazer Co.
Roberts, M. Thorpe's Way. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Rodin, A. L'Art. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
Sargent, C. S. Trees and Shrubs. Vol. II. Part III. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Schwenke, P. Die Turkenbulle Pabst Calixtus III: Ein deutscher Druck von 1456 in der ersten Gutenbergtype. Berlin: Martin Breslauer.
Scott's Guy Mannering; Kenilworth. Edited, with notes, etc., by A. D. Innes. Frowde.
Shakespeare's As You Like It; Julius Cæsar; Macbeth; Merchant of Venice. (English Readings for Schools.) Holt.
Stevenson's Treasure Island. Edited by S. P. Sherman. Holt.
Toch, M. Materials for Permanent Painting. D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Waller, E. English for Italians. William R. Jenkins Co. $1.


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